

SEPTEMBER

1905

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
Publishers



"AN OLD FRIEND"

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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 South Clark Street, Chicago

JOHN A. MURPHY  
Eastern Advertising Representative  
150 Nassau Street  
New York

H. B. CLOW, President

42 East 22nd Street, New York

LONDON OFFICE:  
37 King Street, Covent Garden  
DANIEL RAWKINS  
Advertising Representative

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## Peter, the Peasant Boy, and "Crayola"



PETER, the golden haired little peasant boy, was the happiest child in all the country side. Every day he could be seen, dressed in his pretty blue waist and brown trousers, romping about the thatch roofed cottage where he lived, playing in the green fields with his friends the crickets, the grasshoppers and the bees, or best of all drawing pictures with bits of charcoal that his mother often gave him.

But today Peter was sad. His mother had said that their little supply of charcoal was now so low that she could not spare him even the tiniest piece. And Peter did so want to draw pictures this day.

"Well," thought Peter, "that was that," and all there was to it, too. The only thing left to do was to run out into the friendly meadow where he could lie in the grass and try his best to keep the tears back. And that was just what he did.

"Now what can be troubling you, Peter, child," shrilled a little voice in his ear. And sitting bolt upright whom should Peter see but one of his friends, busy little Mrs. Bee, dressed in her best bonnet and shawl and carrying a most mysterious looking basket.

Peter told his troubles in a rather hopeless voice for he didn't see how Mrs. Bee could possibly help him.

"Dear me! dear me!" cried his little friend, "Don't let a little thing like that trouble you for that is easily mended," and so saying she reached into her basket, brought forth a box marked "Crayola" Crayons, Rubens Box, (No. 24), and handed it to Peter. "There! Now you just run home with that," and away she flew about her business.



**Mother—buy a box of "Crayola" Crayons today. The children will amuse themselves for hours with them. If your dealer does not carry them, send us 30c for a Rubens Box, No. 24.**

Back home, Peter opened his box and behold, there were twenty-four of the brightest colored crayons imaginable. They made the gayest pictures, Oh, so much better they were than those he had made with charcoal. Peter's heart sang with joy for he knew now that no matter how poor they were he would always be happy with his Crayolas.

All that happened long, long ago and since that time Mrs. Bee has visited all the stationery and department stores which she could find so that today for 30c, you too can get a Rubens Box (No. 24) of "Crayola" Crayons, that will give you many hours of enjoyment coloring pictures.



O ART, our every thought of you  
Is filled with thankfulness,  
For love of you  
Will help us to  
Our noblest thoughts express.

O Art, they say you're very long  
And maybe that is true,  
Yet while we're small  
We feel so tall  
When doing work for you.

We love your every form, O Art,  
In drama, dance or song.  
And when we go  
Where pictures grow  
We're glad that you are long.

Then when you use your magic pen  
To make us glad and wise,  
The youngest heart  
Salutes you, Art,  
With grateful, laughing eyes.

Although we are not yet grown up  
We can *think* big, you know,  
And do our part  
For Great Big Art  
And Thought will make it grow.

*Rose Malden, editor.*









## DREAMS

MARJORIE BARROWS

WHEN night was creeping up our hill  
And everything was very still  
I sat beside a sleepy stream  
And told some little stars my dream.

I told them someday I'd write books  
About some elves and magic nooks  
Where pirates, knights and clowns in herds  
Lived happy ever afterwards.

I told them sometime on a stage  
I'd dance and faint and stamp with rage;  
A famous actress I would be  
And everyone would clap for me.

And then someday with paints I'd make  
A picture of a fairy lake,  
With mermaids floating on the waves  
Toward blue enchanted dolphin caves.

I'd paint more splendid pictures, then  
I'd try again and try again  
To catch the songs of birds and bees  
And little brooks and dancing trees

With little laughing leaves unfurled,  
So I could sing them to the world—  
Then I went home and left my dream  
With the little stars and the sleepy  
stream.



By MAXINE DAVIS

## THE SONG-BIRD OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

**L**ONG, long ago, as you and I reckon lifetimes, a song-bird was born far up in the northern country of Sweden, in the city of Stockholm.

This little song-bird was a gray little bird, and not at all welcome. You see, her parents didn't know she was to pour forth golden melody—yes, she was a small human bird—and they had scarcely enough for themselves. An extra mouth to feed was not at all welcome!

Jenny Lind was christened Johanna Marie, but her mother was so busy teaching a day school, and her father so busy trying to make a living as an accountant, that the little daughter was too much bother even to call by her whole name. Soon after her birth, she was sent to live in the country under the

care of a good organist, named Carl Ferndal, and his wife.

For four years little Jenny grew up happily in the woods and meadows, learning the flowers and listening to the bird songs, until many years later it seemed she had caught them all in her own throat. But at the end of that time, her mother took her to the city. Jenny didn't like the city at all, and







cried and was fretful; until she heard the band as the soldiers marched every morning, and then she was happy for she had a tune for all day. There are tunes all around, if you only listen for them, she soon discovered.

Now the gatekeeper of the Widows' Home, where Jenny's grandmother lived, wanted a little girl to adopt, and asked for Jenny. This seemed a fortunate solution of Frau Lind's problem, and her daughter was sent to live in the quiet place.

But Jenny was not unhappy. Far from it. For hadn't she her cat, and couldn't she sing to herself? Every day she would curl up in a window-seat, tie a blue ribbon around her kitty's neck, and sing to her. People always looked up, for the melodies were sweet and touching, but all they saw was a plain little girl and a still, grey cat!

One of the persons who passed Jenny's window every day was the maid of Mlle. Lundberg, a singer at the Royal Opera House. After a while the maid told her mistress of the child who sang daily to her cat. Mlle. Lundberg thought it was a pretty story, and asked

that the girl with the enchanted voice come and perform for her.

"The child is a genius!" she cried to Frau Lind, who accompanied Jenny. "You must have her taught!" So she gave her a letter to Herr Crolius, the singing master of the Royal Theater. Reluctantly the mother took the girl to the grand edifice, and when they confronted the master they realized that he was asking Jenny to sing out of kindness, and that he did not believe she was remarkable.

But when Jenny sang! Then, as always in after years, she moved her listener profoundly, for her music was fresh and pure, of the woods, and of the joy and the haunting heartaches of the world. "You must come to the Count," he said. And then, when the Count Puke, the head of the theater, looked at the awkward nine-year-old child, and crossly asked why he was troubled with such foolishness, Herr Crolius declared that he would teach her for nothing himself.

Now that was an unusual thing indeed! Surprised, the Count asked her to sing. And when the little song-bird raised her voice, his eyes, too, were bright with tears. He resolved at once that she must be taught at the expense of the government.

And so Jenny went to study at the Royal Theatre. She learned to act almost as well as she could sing. And she learned many other things that made her an understanding artist—the things you learn, history and French and arithmetic and literature and cooking and sewing. Indeed, Jenny loved to sew.

"Madame's stitches never come out," her maid said.

When she grew up she came to be the most wonderful singer the world has ever known.

And yet she was always so simple, so kind and pure, in spite of all the evil around her, that beggars loved her as much as princes. And her name today is loved and revered as that of a great and good woman, as well as a wondrous song-bird.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FRIDAY'S CHILD

COME with me into the workroom of a tumble-down old blacking factory on the River Thames, in England, about the year 1823. The room is full of little tables, and at each table is a little boy, just about your age. Each table is full of pots of blacking paste for blacking stoves and boots and things. The little boys are covering the pots with oiled paper, tying on caps, and pasting on labels. All day long, in a room almost as dark and ugly as the blacking paste, the children work, without any play or any school to make them happy.

If you look very hard in the dim light of a cloudy day you will find a little boy about eleven years old, with a thin white face and

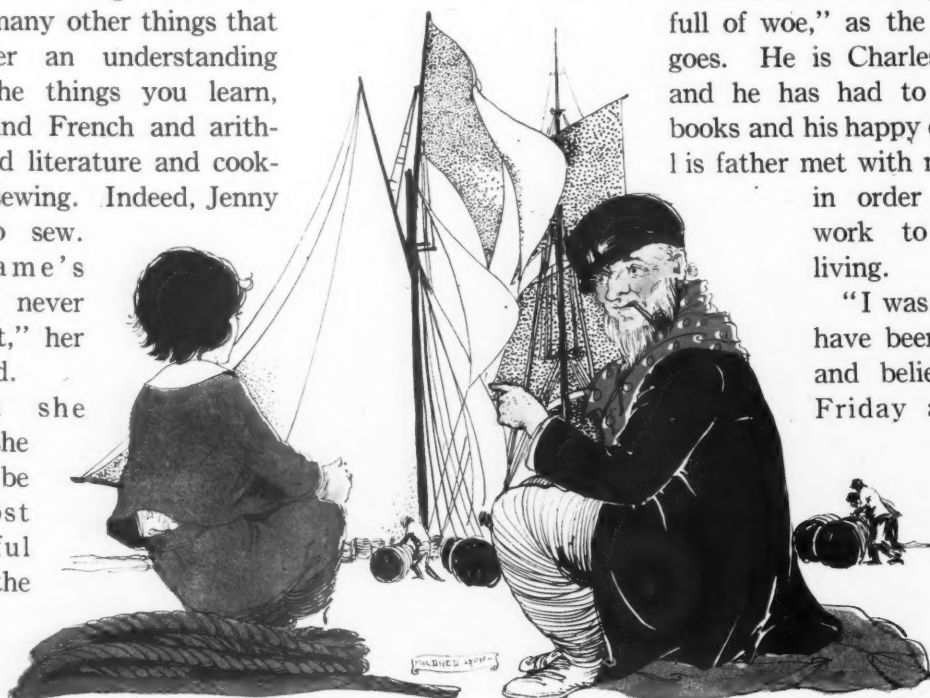
big dark eyes. He is working very hard and trying to like his employment. But surely it seems that "Friday's child is full of woe," as the old jingle goes. He is Charles Dickens, and he has had to leave his books and his happy days, when his father met with misfortune, in order to go to work to make a living.

"I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday at twelve o'clock. It was remarked when the clock began to strike, I began to cry si-

multaneously." This is the way Charles Dickens described his birth in a book called "David Copperfield," which you will all know and love some day, and which is, for the most part, the story of the author's life.

Up to the time he was eleven, little Charles laughed at the Friday rime. A happy mother and father and a little sister Fanny were very glad indeed, on February 7, 1812, when Charles was born. It was the year of America's second war of independence against England, but John Dickens and his family didn't pay much attention to that, for they had a comfortable home on the Hampshire coast, and Mr. Dickens only knew of the war because he was well employed as a clerk in the Navy Pay Office.

For eleven years they were all happy together. Charles loved outdoors and all the things and people around him. He watched the trees and the animals in the barnyard intently, and loved them, and thought out little stories about them. And he watched and talked with the sailors at the docks. He never forgot those old men, with their smells



of salt and tar, with their hard hands and red faces, and their marvelous tales of foreign lands, and he loved them so he made them live forever. He would sit on the docks and watch the ships come in and go out, and imagine the great tales he afterward so carefully wrote for you and me, and which are among the most treasured in English literature.

Charles was not a strong boy and did not like to play baseball or other games with his neighbors. But he found the most beautiful play-land imaginable in his father's books. "Don Quixote" and "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" helped keep him company, and were the "open-sesame" to adventure. He liked to go to school and enjoyed doing his lessons, as all of us do who know the romance of books and figures.

But when he was eleven something perfectly terrible happened.

His father had to go to the debtors' prison! In those days when a man owed money, he was sent to prison. It was a very dreadful thing, for, you see, he could not then earn the money to pay his debts and be freed.

At this time Fanny Dickens was the only fortunate member of the family, for she won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, but little Charles had to go to work.

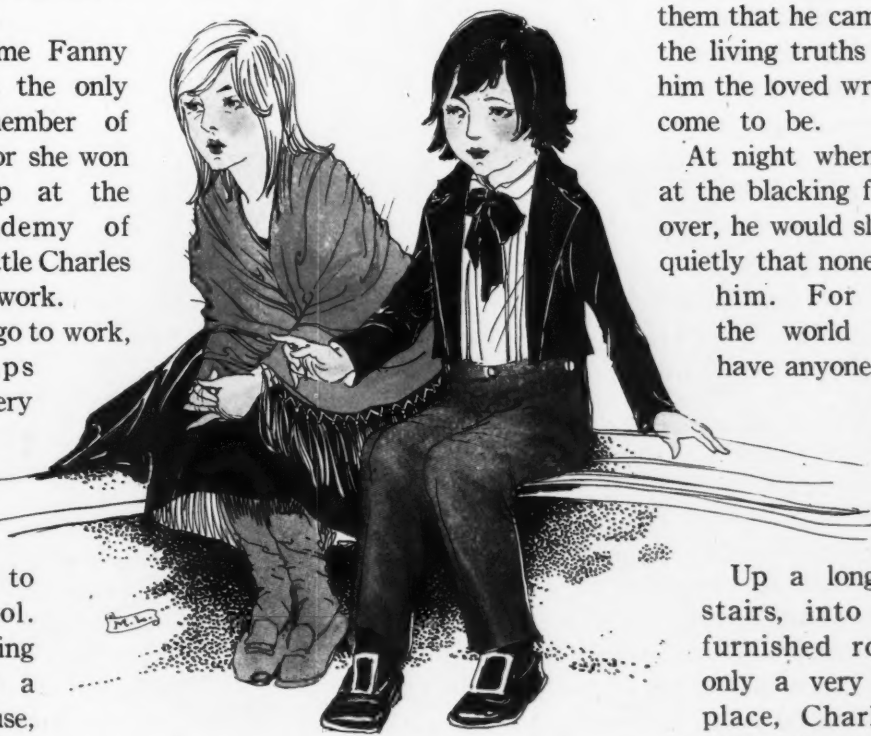
He had to go to work, and perhaps grow up very ignorant and useless indeed, when he did so wish to go to school. "The blacking factory was a crazy old house, with a wharf of its own, abutting on the water when the tide was in, and on the wind when the tide

was out, and literally overrun with rats. Its panelled rooms, discolored with the dirt of a hundred years, I dare say; its decaying floor and staircase; the squeaking and scuffling of the old grey rats down in the cellars, and the dirt and rottenness of the place; are things not of many years ago in my mind, but of the present time," he wrote much later.

It is here we find the sensitive little boy, who loved the sod and the growing things and his books so much. For a while he hated it terribly, but after awhile he determined to make the best of it. And that time, you know, is just when things brighten, for they are only as bad as you make them. There are other romances besides those found in books: the stories of the streets. Charles loved to watch the queer people he saw strolling about him and the places in which they lived; he liked to talk to them and hear their thoughts and their adventures. It was from these folks that he learned the tender lesson of sympathy and understanding, out of even the mud and squalor of the London streets. And it was from them that he came to know the living truths that made him the loved writer he has come to be.

At night when his work at the blacking factory was over, he would slip away so quietly that none would see him. For never in the world would he have anyone guess that his father was at the old Marshalsea prison!

Up a long flight of stairs, into a poorly furnished room, with only a very little fireplace, Charles would climb after his long day and his long walk. He would seat himself quietly at the table, very sparsely covered





with food (for in Marshalsea prison in those days the prisoners did a kind of housekeeping in their quarters), and then he would eat hungrily. He made very little money at the blacking factory, just enough for his barest needs, and being much like other boys and girls I know, preferred to spend part of it on pastry even when he might have to go without his dinner.

When the meal was over, his mother and father would plan for ways to make enough money to get out of the prison; but Charles would read by the light of a very dim tallow candle until his head drooped on his shoulder and his eyes grew heavy. And at last his father would say regretfully, "You'll have to be leaving, my son." Now wasn't that a dreadful thing for a poor father to have to say!

Grimy and poor as the jail was, it was much better than the attic room where Charles lived. He couldn't sleep there long and would awaken early to eat his bit of bread and cheese. So he would slip down by a wall beside the Thames, from which point he could look at London Bridge, and a little maid-of-all-work, whom later he described as the Marchioness in his book "Old Curiosity Shop," would come and sit with him.

And the tales he would spin about the people that passed! That woman, so cold and handsome, riding betimes in her coach, had a secret

sorrow (we meet her again in "Bleak House"); and that old sailor had just come from India,

with a cargo of silks and precious gems! "Oh, there's only one thing I'd rather do than read books, and that's write them," Charles would sigh.

"Shucks, you better run 'long 'n' make your rent tomorra," the little maid-of-all-work would say regretfully, as she realized their play-hour was up.

But the portion of hard times meted out to Friday's child came to an end as all hard times do, if you only work hard enough.

After awhile Charles' father came into a little money, with which he paid his debts. Then he was released from prison and sent his son to school. Of course, the little boy loved that, and was particularly happy after the hard times he had suffered. He invented new games and new languages by adding syllables to words; and wrote stories, which he traded for marbles and white mice and slate pencils. He built a small theater and painted bright scenery. He even wrote plays for the boys to give. It was wonderful to

Charles, after the blacking factory.

Mr. Dickens decided that his son should be making a start in some respectable business. If you read

"David Copperfield," and recognize Mr. Dickens in the character of Mr. Macawber, you will see how very, very respectable he was. So he obtained for the boy the position of clerk in a law office.

Here Charles

was the delight of the other clerks, for he could mimic everyone he saw in the street.





For this reason, he thought, inasmuch as he found the study of law dry, he would like to be an actor. Because of a sore throat on the day he was to meet the great actor, Charles Kemble, however, he never realized this ambition, but began to work as a court reporter.

Here was adventure! No more digging facts out of big books, but the catching of speeches in shorthand, and the sight of new people and new places. For he was so successful he was often sent away to report speeches, sometimes writing out his notes in a galloping coach by the light of a lantern.

Soon he began to be sent to write reviews of plays. He signed his writings "Boz," and they became very popular. When his first stories, the "Pickwick Papers," written to fit pictures already made, were printed, and when Sam Weller took the public's heart by storm, Charles' feet were well turned down the highway of success.

Charles Dickens was never a man who was interested in the results of his work. He was interested in his work for its own sake, and that, you know, is the only way to do great things. He gained a keen insight into people in the difficult days of the blacking factory, and he understood their troubles, and their sorrowful little lives, and he loved them. Nothing but the revealing of hypocrisy, the plea for the sordidness of the poor, the condition of the unfortunate, and a tender love for all creatures, can be found in his books.

You must know David and Little Nell and

Nicholas Nickleby and his friend Mark Tapley, and poor little Oliver Twist and all the people of London who come to live forever and ever in Charles' wonderful books, to make folks laugh and cry and laugh again.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MICHAEL ANGELO

ONCE upon a time, before Columbus discovered America, a group of boys in the smiling fairy-tale city of Florence, Italy, were gathered in the garden of Lorenzo de Medici.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, he was called, because he made of Florence one of the wonder cities of the world, where the people were given beautiful gardens and pictures and statues to look at, where encouragement was given the artists who chose to do beautiful things, and where holiday masques and gay days were almost as frequent as working days.

Every year Lorenzo gave a great pageant, and today the boys were talking of it. They were his protégés, youths who showed promise and who were invited by the patron to find room in his spacious halls for learning and experiment. But Michael Angelo was paying little heed to their plans. A slim, dark-haired lad, he lay stretched out on the clipped grass, watching the black patterns a flock of pigeons made against a glowing Italian sky, and breathing in the spring.

As his eye wandered, it rested upon a block

of marble he had been given permission to use. Now young Michael had shown wonderful gifts at painting, but he had never touched a chisel. Still, obstacles are but to be bravely met. However he picked up the chisel, and seeing an old granite faun lying in the grass, began to find the face of a similar faun in the blank marble.

The shadows ran along the grass, and the gay group disappeared, and still he worked, absorbed. As he stood back to contemplate the completed figure, Lorenzo touched his arm.

"Look," he said, "your faun has teeth. Old people usually lose nearly all their teeth!"

With one magnificent stroke, the young sculptor swept most of them away. He had done a remarkable piece of work, and even improved upon the original by adding a tongue to his faun.

"Bravo!" said the delighted de Medici. "I never knew you could chisel. It was with difficulty I could let you paint and now you must work in stone."

It was true enough that the young Michael Angelo had spent much time in persuading his father to let him become a painter. For his father, himself a merchant, had been very proud of his son, and wanted him to follow his trade. But after a time, when he saw it was of no avail, he permitted him to study with Ghirlandajo, a great artist of the times.

Michael was not with Ghirlandajo many months before the master began to recognize, a little jealously, that his pupil knew more than he did. One day he gave him some of his own work to copy, and after the boy had added a few thick lines to the original, and the master saw that the picture was improved,

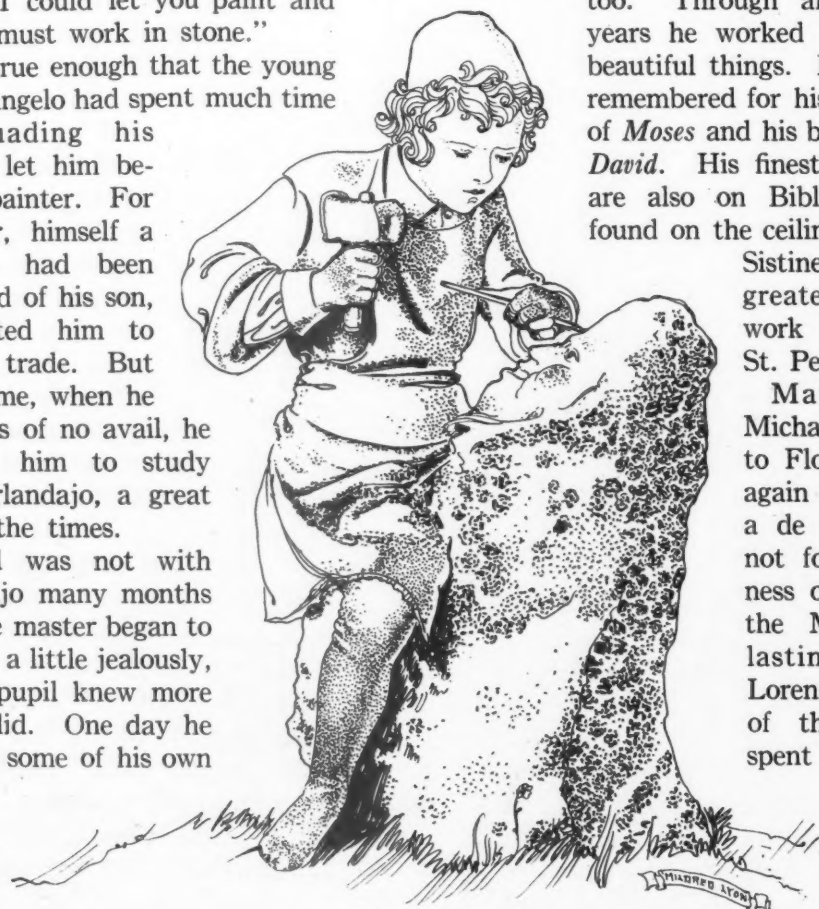
he admitted that he could teach him no more. It was then that Lorenzo, recognizing Michael's ability, took him into the magnificent de Medici palace, that he might work all day long, and see beauty about him constantly.

But it seemed such paradise could not last. A monk named Savonarola, told the gay people that their extravagance and frivolity were wicked. He declared the beautiful things Lorenzo had put into Florence were sinful. Later, after the Magnificent de Medici died, some followers of Savonarola made bonfires of the city's beautiful pictures and statues and manuscripts. Sick at heart for the destruction of the things he loved, Michael Angelo made his way to Rome, where he was employed to beautify the city.

Michael Angelo became a world-famous artist. And he could do so many things well! He was not only a wonderful sculptor and painter, but he became a great architect, too. Through all his eighty-nine years he worked hard and created beautiful things. He will always be remembered for his wonderful statue of *Moses* and his beautifully modeled *David*. His finest paintings, which are also on Biblical subjects, are found on the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel; and his greatest architectural work is the cupola of St. Peter's Church.

Many years later Michael Angelo returned to Florence, which was again under the rule of a de Medici. He had not forgotten the kindness of Lorenzo, and in the Medici Chapel, a lasting memorial of Lorenzo's kindness and of the glad days he spent in Florence was made by the little boy who had chiseled the faun so many years be-

fore, and who had become one of the greatest artists that the world had ever known.







## NURSERY · NUGGETS

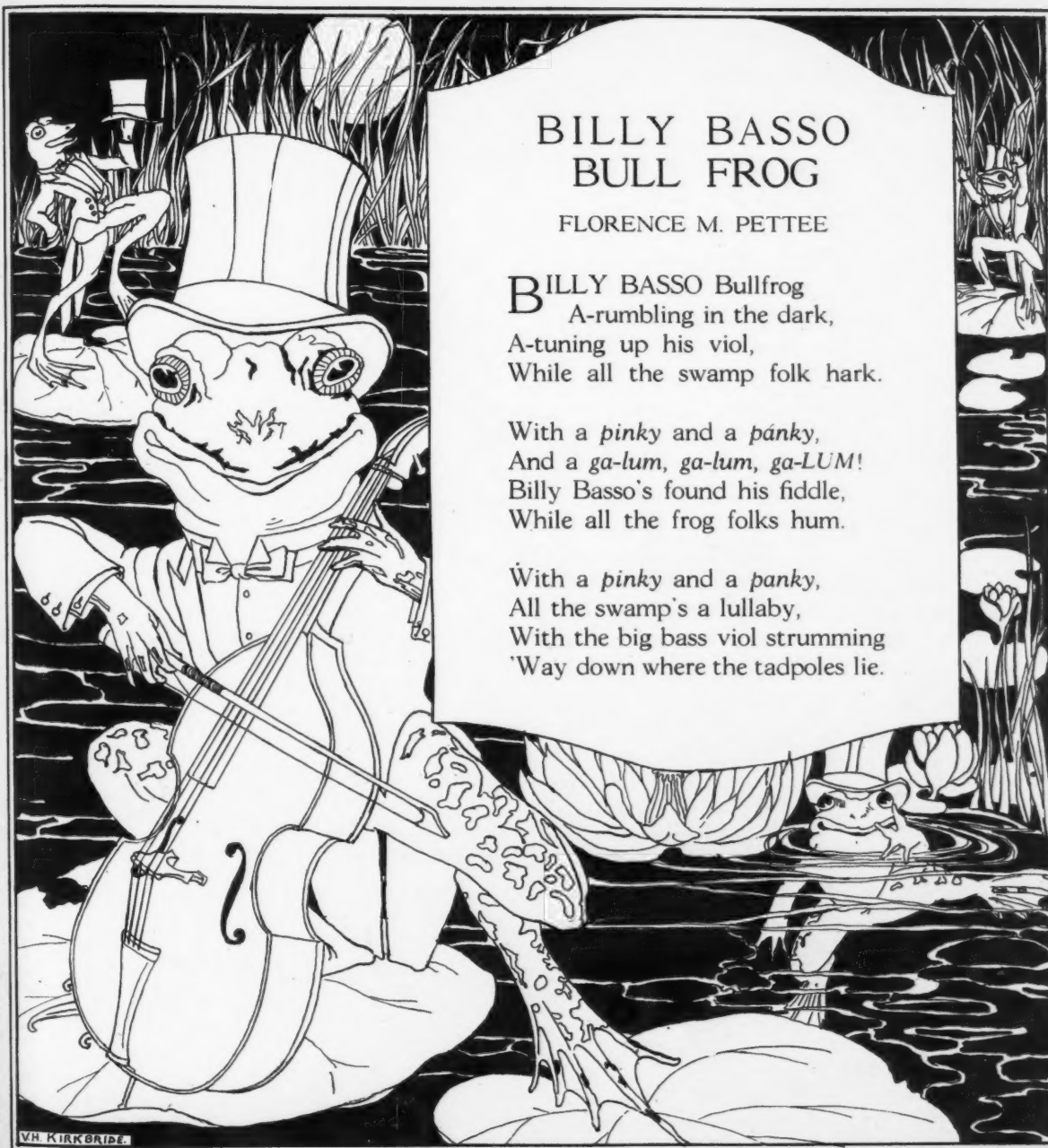
### BILLY BASSO BULL FROG

FLORENCE M. PETTEE

**B**ILLY BASSO Bullfrog  
A-rumblin in the dark,  
A-tuning up his viol,  
While all the swamp folk hark.

With a *pinky* and a *pánky*,  
And a *ga-lum*, *ga-lum*, *ga-LUM*!  
Billy Basso's found his fiddle,  
While all the frog folks hum.

With a *pinky* and a *panky*,  
All the swamp's a lullaby,  
With the big bass viol strumming  
'Way down where the tadpoles lie.



VH. KIRKBRIDE

# BALLOON MAN

JESSICA NELSON NORTH

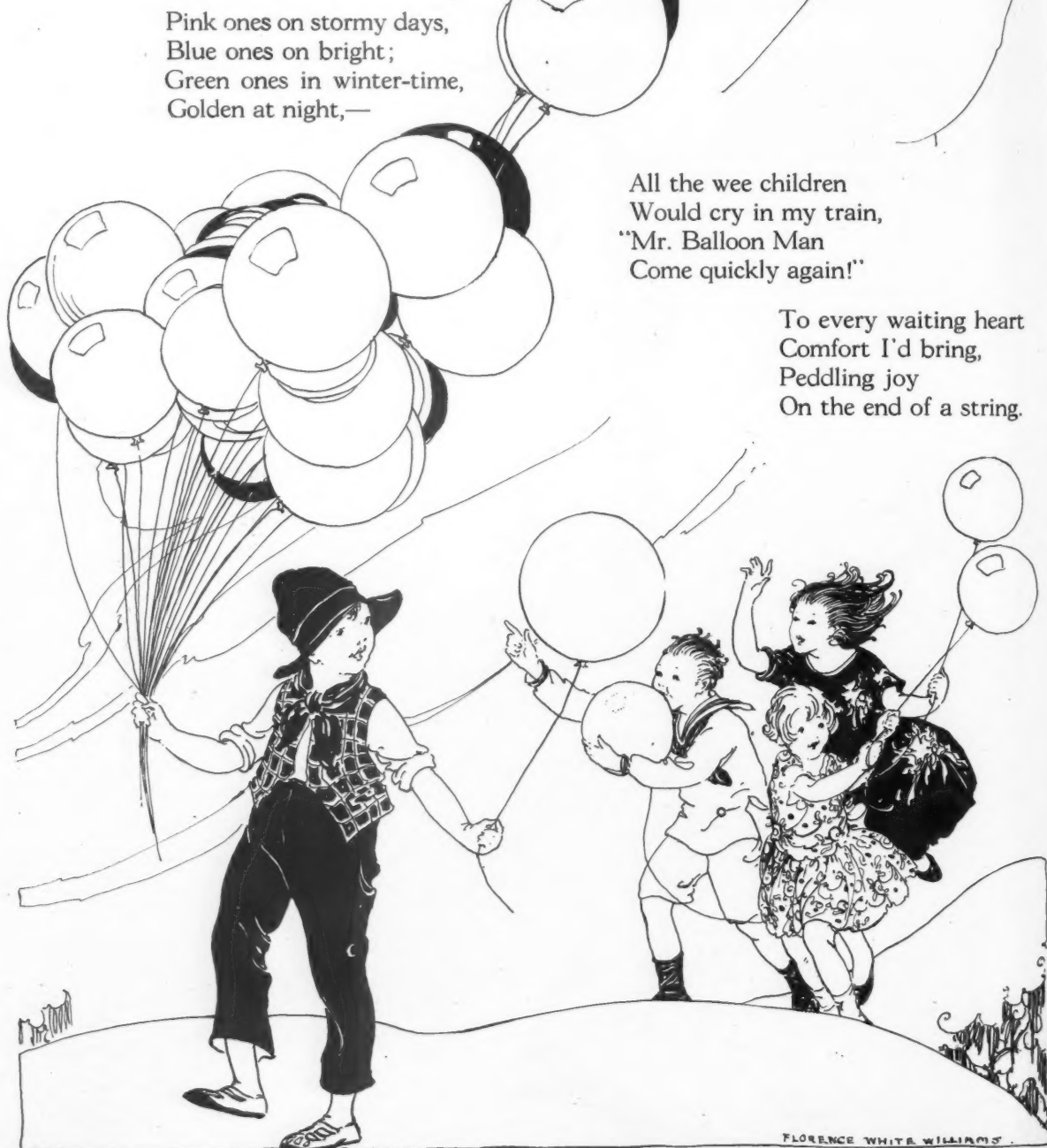
**C**LUSTERING rainbow-grapes  
On a tight tether!  
Beautiful bubble-shapes  
Dancing together!

Oh, if you'd ask me  
What life would be sweet,  
I'd be balloon man  
In Dorchester Street.

Pink ones on stormy days,  
Blue ones on bright;  
Green ones in winter-time,  
Golden at night,—

All the wee children  
Would cry in my train,  
"Mr. Balloon Man  
Come quickly again!"

To every waiting heart  
Comfort I'd bring,  
Peddling joy  
On the end of a string.



FLORENCE WHITE WILLIAMS

## AT GRANDMOTHER'S

LOUISE MARTIN

GRANDMOTHER has a country house,  
It's wonderful, for, oh,  
No people live upstairs of her  
And no folks down below!

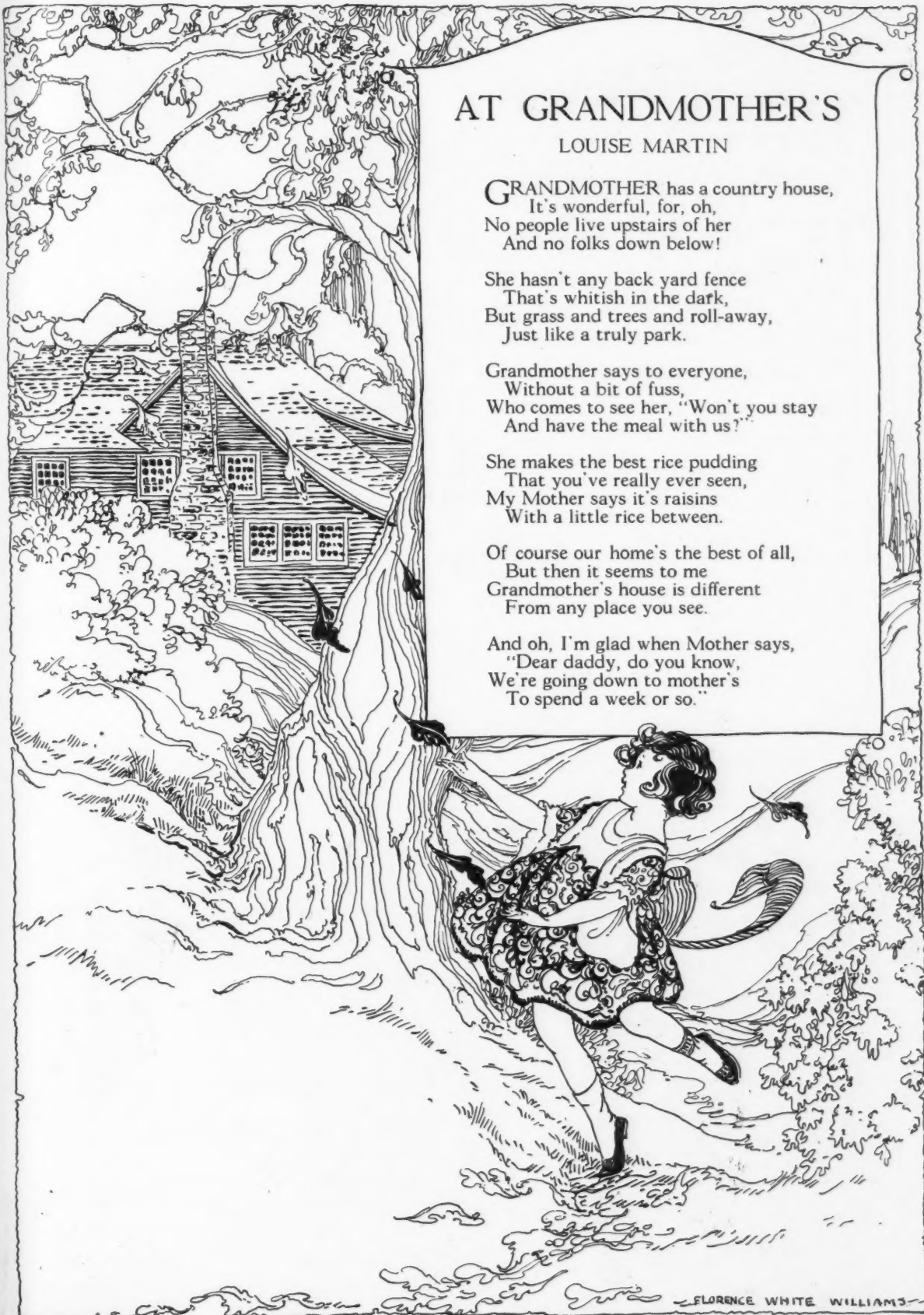
She hasn't any back yard fence  
That's whitish in the dark,  
But grass and trees and roll-away,  
Just like a truly park.

Grandmother says to everyone,  
Without a bit of fuss,  
Who comes to see her, "Won't you stay  
And have the meal with us?"

She makes the best rice pudding  
That you've really ever seen,  
My Mother says it's raisins  
With a little rice between.

Of course our home's the best of all,  
But then it seems to me  
Grandmother's house is different  
From any place you see.

And oh, I'm glad when Mother says,  
"Dear daddy, do you know,  
We're going down to mother's  
To spend a week or so."



FLORENCE WHITE WILLIAMS

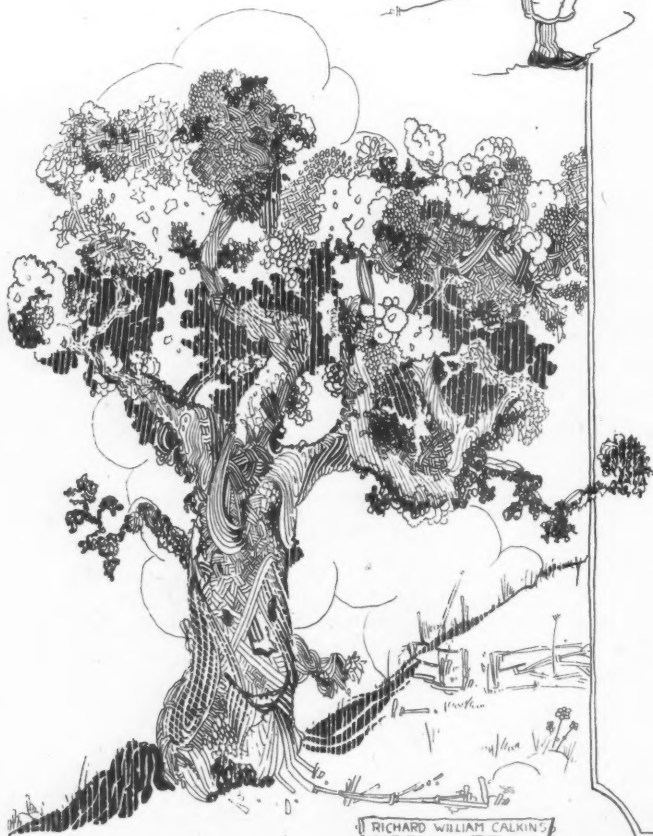
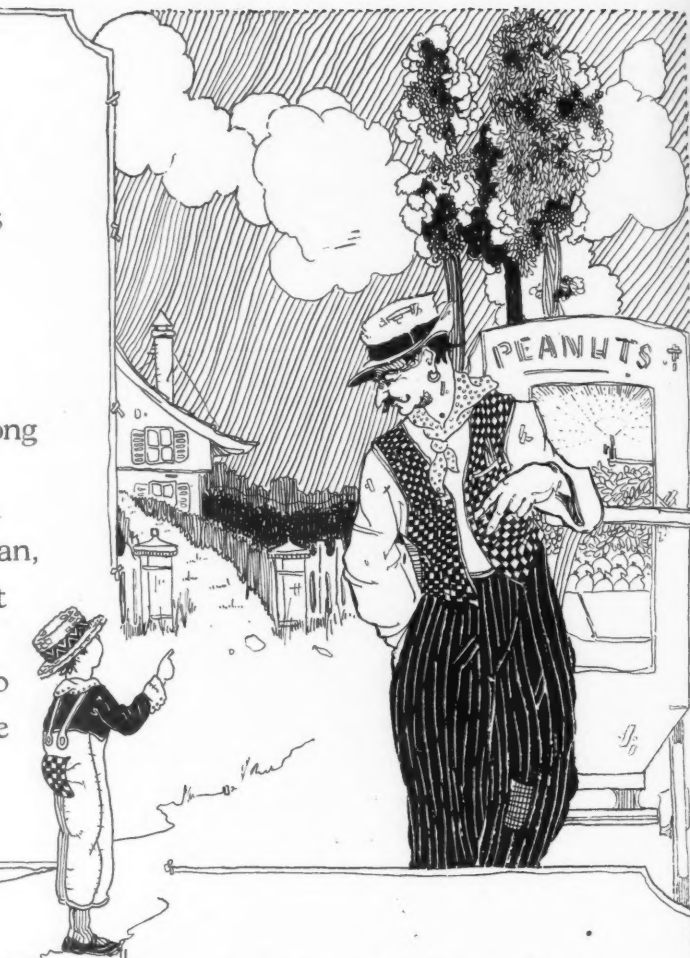


## THE PEANUT PEOPLE

RICHARD WILLIAM CALKINS

THE Peanut People live  
inside  
Their cosy little shell,  
They always seem to get along  
Together very well.

I'd like to ask the peanut man,  
When he goes home at  
night,  
If Peanut People go to sleep  
When he turns off the  
light.



## THE OAK TREE

RICHARD WILLIAM CALKINS

OUR old oak tree is waving  
every bough.

He knows that summertime has  
come to stay.

I guess he's glad (who wouldn't  
be), for now

He's got a nice new suit for  
everyday.

The little birds can nestle in his  
arm,

His big green coat will shield them  
from the rain;

They know that he will keep them  
safe from harm

Till winter comes and they fly  
south again.

RICHARD WILLIAM CALKINS





## FUZZY WUZZY'S DAY AT SCHOOL

RAYMOND KELLY

OUR little Fuzzy Wuzzy was a most unhappy bear.  
The bobcat's party came that day and Fuzzy wasn't there.

Now little bears, like little boys and little girls, you know,  
Prefer a party with its fun to any picture show.

Said little Fuzzy to himself, "I'm wretched as can be.  
I'm awfully unhappy, too, 'cause no one cares for me.  
They'll wish they'd all been nice to me when never more  
I come,

Because," our Fuzzy Wuzzy said, "I'll run away from home."

So then he climbed his kiddie-kar and pushed and pushed  
and pushed,

Till suddenly he got a start and down the mountain rushed,  
And all the forest people gazed, just simply filled with awe,  
To see him steer that kiddie-kar with furry little paw.

He traveled down the mountain side, far from his mother's den,

And far across the level plain, and far, far through the fen,  
Until at last he brought up in a place you'd never guess—  
He landed in the schoolyard just exactly at recess.

The children when they saw him there then shouted out  
with joy;

And every single little girl and every single boy  
Cried, "Little bear, come play with me! Come, little bear,  
please do!"

Replied our Fuzzy Wuzzy then, "I'll play with all of you."





With "Ring Around the Rosy" then, and also "Blind Man's Buff,"

Our Fuzzy had a jolly time, and really wasn't rough.  
But when they all were having there the very nicest time,  
Their fun was ended by the bell with its insistent chime.

Then all the little boys and girls quite quickly stopped  
their play,

And straight up to their classroom all quite promptly took  
their way,

While little Fuzzy boldly marched inside the schoolroom, too,  
And all the children wondered what that little bear would do.  
He just sat down behind a desk without a bit of sound,  
And folded both his little paws and took a look around,

And when the children all stood up to let their voices ring,  
Our little Fuzzy stood up, too, and also tried to sing.

At first he tried soprano part, but he could only howl;  
And then he tried contralto deep, but he could only growl,  
Until the teacher cried to him, "Pray, stop that dreadful  
noise,

For little bears can never sing like little girls and boys."  
Our Fuzzy felt just awful then, and quicker than a wink,  
He sat down at the desk again and sobbed right in the ink.  
He cried so hard he blew the ink in Esther Jones's face,  
And it ran down upon her dress and spoiled her nice new lace.

Indeed, was teacher angry then and grabbed that little bear,  
And shoved him in the dressing-room and told him to stay  
there.





Now little Fuzzy Wuzzy wept and wept with might and main,

Until he stopped to sniff the air, and then he sniffed again.  
He'd smelled the children's noonday lunch and so, with appetite,

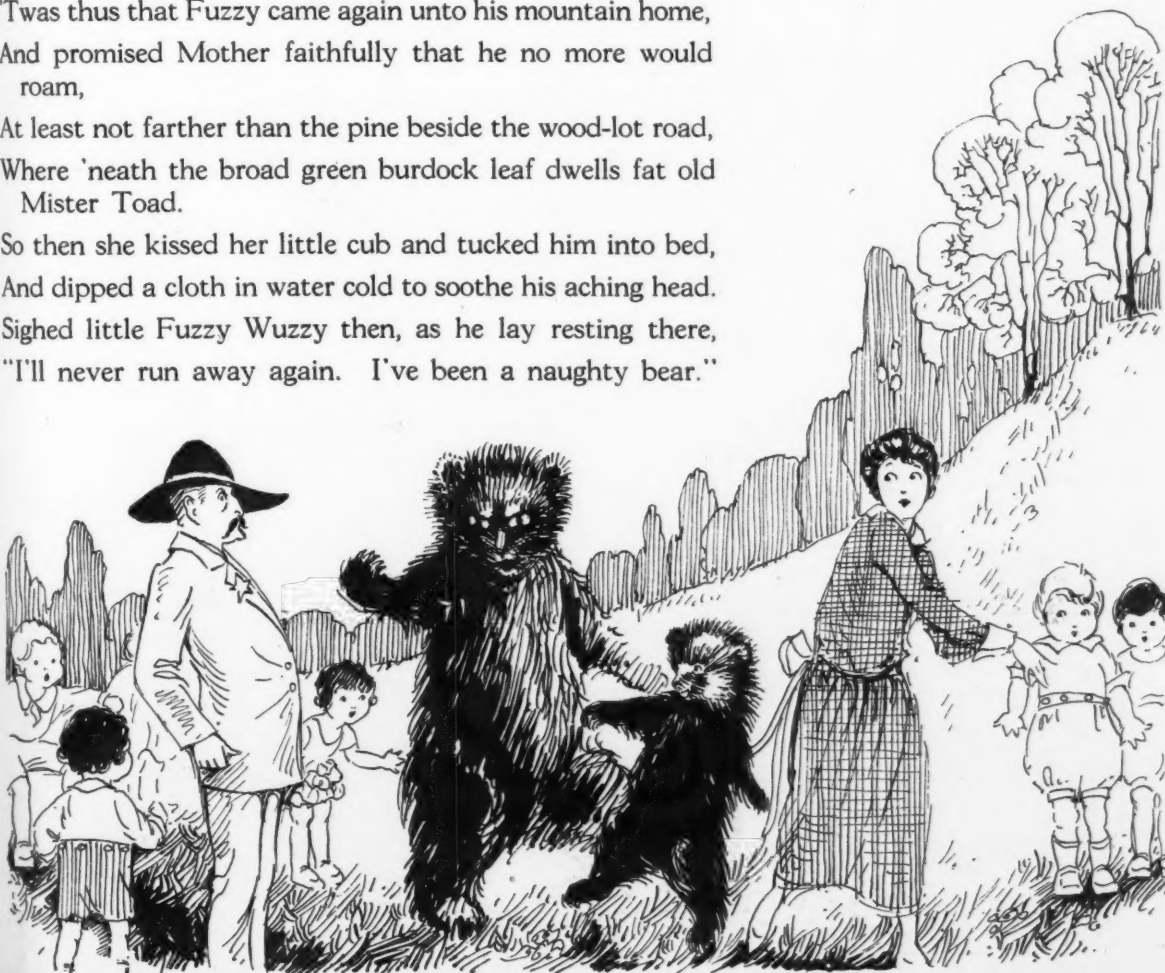
He settled down and ate and ate and ate with all his might.  
The pie and cake and fruit he ate! I'm sure if you or I  
Should ever eat one half that much, we'd pretty nearly die.

But finally the noon bell rang and from that great big room  
The children came and missed their lunch. Their faces fell with gloom,  
While teacher was so angry then a constable she called,  
And said, "Take Fuzzy to the zoo." How hard that bear cub bawled!  
And high upon the mountain top his mother heard him call,  
And with an angry roar she rushed straight from the timber tall.  
Beneath that constable's long nose she shook her angry paw.  
"You'd better let my darling be!" said Fuzzy's fond mamma.

'Twas thus that Fuzzy came again unto his mountain home,  
And promised Mother faithfully that he no more would roam,

At least not farther than the pine beside the wood-lot road,  
Where 'neath the broad green burdock leaf dwells fat old Mister Toad.

So then she kissed her little cub and tucked him into bed,  
And dipped a cloth in water cold to soothe his aching head.  
Sighed little Fuzzy Wuzzy then, as he lay resting there,  
"I'll never run away again. I've been a naughty bear."





**Kiddie Kolor Kard**  
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Office  
(Palette Paints)

**PAINTS FOR CHILDREN**

Wallbrunn, Kling & Co.  
327-329 South Clark St.  
Chicago, Illinois

*This Is The Box They Come In*

Pictures, similar to these, come with every Kiddie Kolor set. They are very pretty pictures; so plain and easy to understand that you will have no trouble choosing the right colors to use.

THIS is the finest box of picture painting fun that any little boy or girl ever played with. You would think so, too, if you could see how we have been mailing Kiddie Kolor Paints to little folks all over the country. Their mothers and daddies wanted them to have paints that would show them how to paint things from a palette just like artists do. That's why Kiddie Kolor Kard Palette Paints are such a lot of fun. The twelve paint tablets are made of twelve different colors, so you see you can never be without the exact color you want.

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This is a picture of the large Kiddie Kolor Kard, shaped like an artist's palette. If you want this set, put an "x" in the square beside the picture.

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Kiddie Kolor Kard paints come in two sizes. The beautiful palette with a set of large pictures to paint costs only \$1.00. The Kiddie Kolor Kard which is a square card, not shaped like a palette, will be mailed for 35c. Of course, the square Kiddie Kolor Kard does not have so many pictures to paint. That is why you will have the most fun and learn more about painting when you use the colors mounted on the palette.

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My child's name is.....  
Street Address.....  
City..... State.....



### Kiddie Kolor Kard

This is the plain Kiddie Kolor Kard. It is not shaped like an artist's palette, but several nice pictures to paint come with it.

# NATURE STORIES



## THE SPIDER WHO WANTED WINGS

By MARJORIE BARROWS

ONCE upon a time there lived in Bug-land a Little Spider who was very, very timid. All the insects used to point their long feelers, or antennæ, at him and call out, "'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!" whenever they saw him passing. Then they would laugh to see him scamper away off into a corner as fast as his eight little legs would carry him. And the Little Spider, although he tried hard to break himself of the foolish habit, kept on always being afraid to do things.

But one day, when he was spinning a tiny web off in a quiet little corner of his own, a queer thing happened. He saw a pretty young Spider Maiden pass by, and he thought as he looked at her eight bright black eyes and her eight graceful little legs that he had never

before seen so fair a maiden. Every day after that he would go out and call upon the pretty bright-eyed Spider Maiden and take her the very best flies that he could catch.

And whenever she smiled on him he would smile, too, and *almost* forget to be afraid.

One day the Little Spider went sadly to his friend, the Praying Mantis, who was always glad to listen to his troubles and give him good advice. The Praying Mantis was long and thin and very wise-looking. He was fond of sitting quite still for hours at a time, holding his two long front legs up in a prayerful attitude except when pouncing down and gobbling up some poor little insect who came his way.

"What's the trouble now?" asked the Praying Mantis. "Doesn't



your Spider Maiden like you any more?"

"Yes." The Little Spider looked doubtful.

"But a big Daddy Longlegs calls on her, too, and brings her more flies



than I do. He's very brave, and I'm afraid that she likes him better than she does me."

"Hum!" said the Praying Mantis, looking very prayerful indeed. "Of course, it is up to the lady in question, but—er—why don't you ask her what deed you can do to win her heart? That often fetches them."

"Thank you, sir, I'll try that!" And the Little Spider brightened and scampered off.

The next time he called upon the pretty Spider Maiden he found her much excited over a big insect athletic contest, a sort of tournament, that the neighboring Queen Bee was to give on the following week. But as soon as she gave him a chance to speak, he gathered up his courage and said, "Isn't there any way to prove how dearly I love you?"

The Spider Maiden was silent for a moment, twirling her six spinnerets a bit nervously, but at last she spoke. "I will give you the same answer that I gave to Daddy Longlegs." She smiled. "If you win the first prize in the Queen Bee's tournament I will marry you!"

"But—but—what could I *do*?" The Little Spider looked troubled. "I can't run very well or spin very well or *do anything* well!"

The Spider Maiden looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Then she brightened.

"Learn to fly!" she suggested gleefully, and ran up into her web.

And *that* was why the Little Spider wanted wings. Oh, how he wanted to fly! He practiced unsuccessfully, from a fence post until he was black and blue from tumbling. Then he went again to the Praying Mantis.

"I *thought* she would ask for something silly. They almost always do!" sniffed the Praying Mantis, after he had heard the Little Spi-

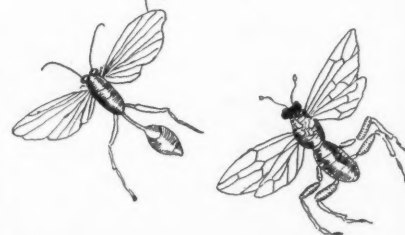
der's tale of woe.

"But if you really want her you'd better do as she says."

"If I only had wings!" sighed the Little Spider.

"I'll teach you the secret of flying," said the Praying Mantis kindly. He lowered his voice impressively. "Just before you start flying, say this rime and *believe* it:

A flop, a leap, and off I'll go  
A-sailing in the sky;  
I *want* the faith and so I know  
I'll *have* the faith to fly!"





The Little Spider repeated the rime, thanked the Mantis and went away feeling doubtful. But he began practicing in private.

At last the great day arrived and hundreds of buzzing happy insects surrounded the field where the events were to take place. There was the handsome Monarch Butterfly, who carried a perfume pocket to attract his sweetheart, and there was the little Viceroy, who mimicked him in the pattern of his wings. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Tumble Bug, rolling a ball of dirt; and some Woolly Bear Caterpillars who were planning to spin some tiny cocoon beds, and come out later as beautiful Tiger Moths. Following them flew some wonderful little Gall Flies who could make tiny fairy castles on leaves and plants; and then the highest order of insects—the Ants and Wasps and Bees with their royal families.

The Queen Bee came last and took her place upon the dandelion throne, and from here she watched the Water Bugs dive and splash in the pond at one end of the field, and the Grasshoppers jumping at the other end. But the little Spider Maiden who was seated near her had all eight of her little eyes on the big Daddy Longlegs, and on the Little Spider who wanted wings. She was interested only in the last two events listed on the day's program. The first of these, that the Cricket Heralds announced in loud chirping voices, was a web-spinning per-

formance and a one-yard dash by the big Daddy Longlegs, and the last was called simply, "A flying exhibition by the Little Spider." Many a fine bug and beetle graced the list, and many a choice performance was given by the Tumble Bugs and Dragon-Flies and others. The big Daddy Longlegs, however, did better than any of them.

"Doesn't he spin beautifully!" buzzed all the bugs. "Doesn't he run fast! Of course *he* will get the prize!"

There was a great clapping of feelers and a great flutter of wings when the big Daddy

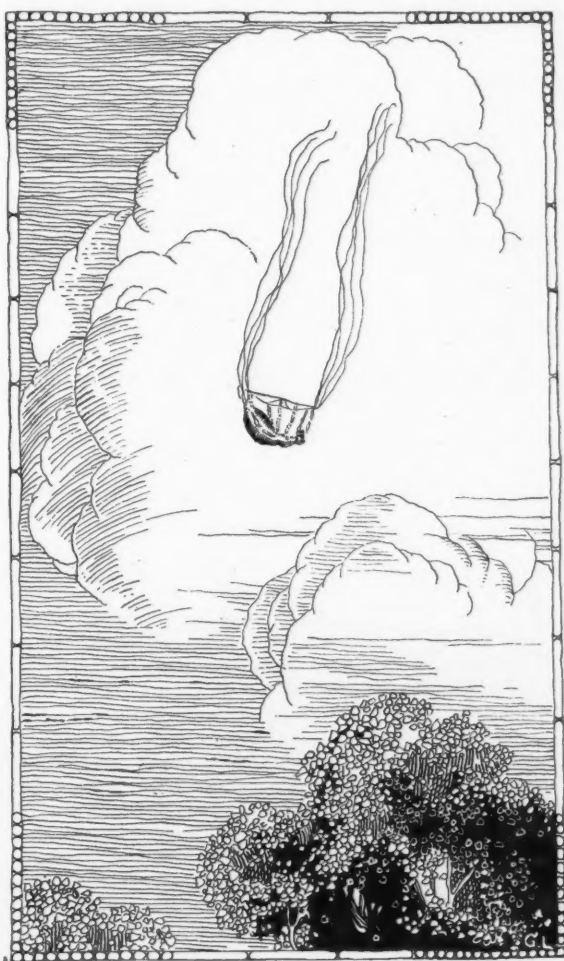
Longlegs was through, and the Little Spider's heart sank within him as he climbed the toadstool and prepared to sail through the air. He knew that he could only have three trials to prove what he could do. "I mustn't be afraid," he told himself softly, as he saw his Spider Maiden watching him. "I mustn't be afraid!" But the old fear clutched him again as he spun out a few threads, and just as he leaped into the air he heard the big Daddy Longlegs whisper, "'Fraid cat!" and he fell to the ground with a thud.

"Ha, ha! Buzz-buzz!" The insects

began to laugh. "We *knew* he couldn't do it. Whoever heard of a spider flying *anyway*?"

The Little Spider tried again, and again the old fear came over him and he could not fly.

When he climbed up for his third and last trial the Little Spider's heart was hot within



him, and he softly repeated the rime of the Praying Mantis:

A flop, a leap, and off I'll go!

Facing the wind and stiffening his eight little legs, he spun out some threads which were at once caught up into the air. He almost began to be afraid again.

A-sailing in the sky.

Down below hundreds of eyes were fastened upon him—scoffing eyes, unbelieving eyes, and the eyes of his dear Spider Maiden—

I want the faith and  
so I know—

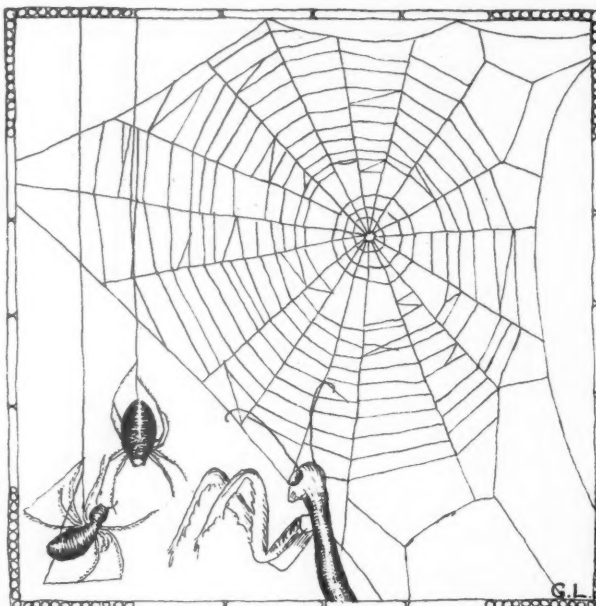
Then a queer new feeling came over him. He vaulted into space, got into the correct upside down position and fairly sang:

I'll have the faith to fly!

Up, up, up into the air went the Little Spider, and everyone below gave a gasp and rubbed his or her eyes. Up, up, up! Could that be

the Little Spider—the timid Little Spider—actually flying? Now he was coming down again, now floating with the wind, now circling gracefully around the field, and now modestly landing at the feet of the Queen Bee herself.

And Her Majesty, just as soon as she got her breath, gave him the first medal for his clever performance, and his sweetheart was so proud of her tiny little lover that she gladly kept her promise and went right away with him to the Praying Mantis who married them and gave them his blessing. And the Spider Maiden never, never looked



at the big Daddy Longlegs again. She never learned her husband's trick either, although many other little spiders did and although he often told her how to do it. "It is very simple," he would say, "but it takes a lot of practice—you just have to have faith to fly!"

## PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

TWO prizes will be offered to the readers of CHILD LIFE, one prize to the girl winner and one prize, of equal value, to the boy winner. The prizes will be awarded to the boy and girl who send in the best two color productions of the following page. The names of the winners of the July contest are: DOROTHY ATWELL, 414 S. 12th St., Fort Dodge, Iowa; and ALONZO JOPLIN, JR., Age 7, 1819 Louisiana St., Little Rock, Arkansas.

The characters of *The Dancing Poppy* should be done in their natural colors. Try to be sure that these colors are correct. The pages may be colored by the use of water color paints or crayons.

Do you know the natural colors of these woodland folk?

Send your colored page before September 20th to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### CORRECT SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

No. 1. TIGER LILY (*Lilium tigrinum*). This family has over 2,000 well known species and of 187 genera probably half are in cultivation. The most gorgeous species are found throughout Japan, China, and Burma. Color, bright orange spotted with black. Bulbs used for food in China and Japan.

No. 2. COMMON SNAKE'S-HEAD (*Fritillaria meleagres*). This genus includes the Crown Imperial and the Fritillaries. It is native to Nevada and Cascade Mountains. There are several colors checkered with dark purple and green spots. Time, spring.

No. 3. SNAPDRAGON (*Antirrhinum majus*). Greek name for snout-flower. Over sixty species native to Old and New World. Common varieties range in color from red and purple to white. Found in Mediterranean region. Time, late spring.

No. 4. WILD ARUM (*Italicum*). Arsideae is an ancient name for these tuber-bearing low herbs of few species. Found in Europe and Western Asia. Grown usually as oddities mostly under the name of Callas. Color, yellowish or white.

If you would like to know more about the little people of the woods, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

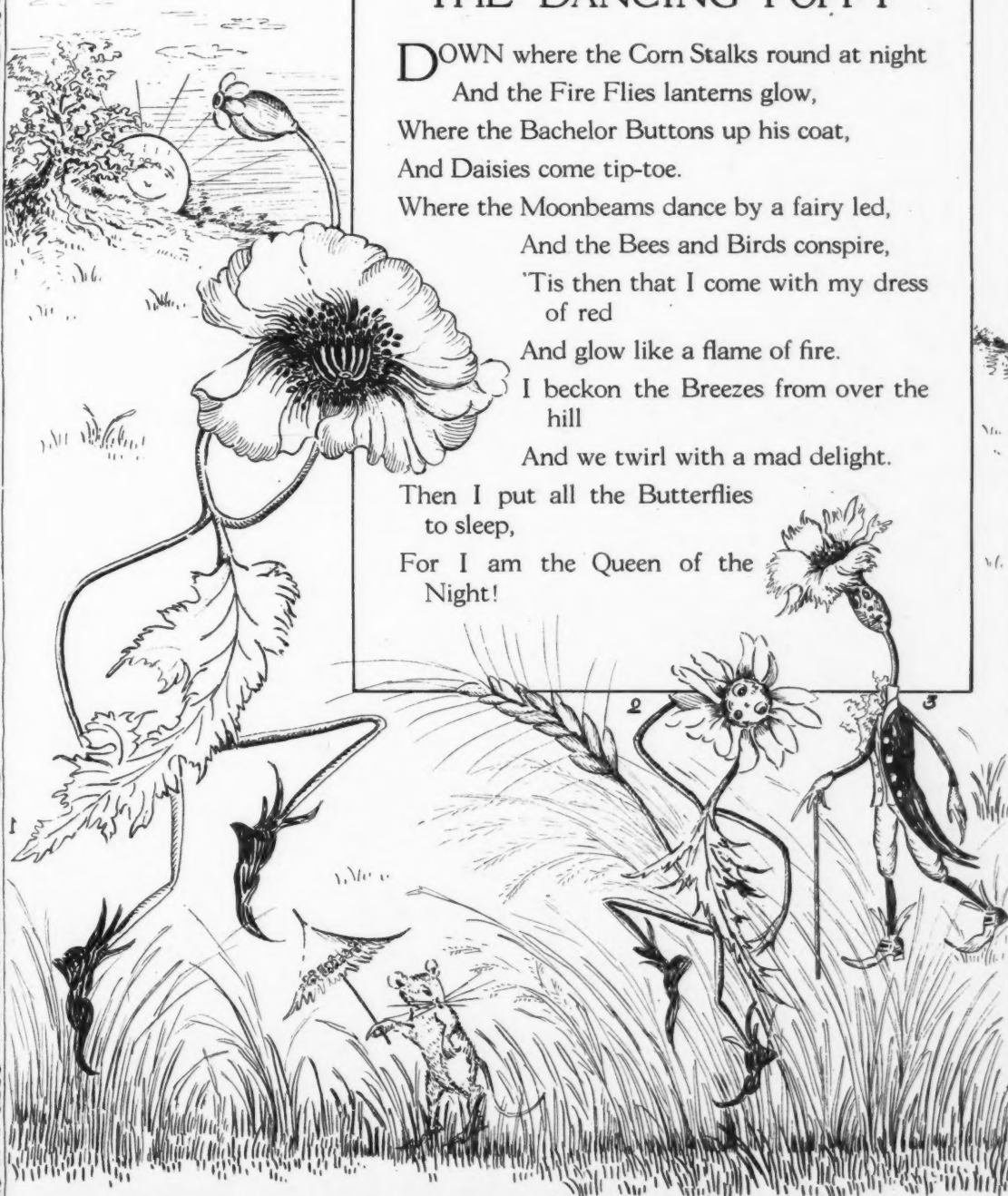
# ANIMATED BOTANY

A COMEDY OF THE WOODS

BY E STELLE HARRIET ROBBINS

## THE DANCING POPPY

DOWN where the Corn Stalks round at night  
And the Fire Flies lanterns glow,  
Where the Bachelor Buttons up his coat,  
And Daisies come tip-toe.  
Where the Moonbeams dance by a fairy led,  
And the Bees and Birds conspire,  
'Tis then that I come with my dress  
of red  
And glow like a flame of fire.  
I beckon the Breezes from over the  
hill  
And we twirl with a mad delight.  
Then I put all the Butterflies  
to sleep,  
For I am the Queen of the  
Night!



1 Opium Poppy (*Papaver somniferum*) 2 Daisy (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*) 3 Bachelor's-button or Cornflower (*Centaurea cyanus*)





## Ah! Mother, What Kind of a Man or Woman Will Your "Baby" Become?

**W**HEN your day, Mother, is twenty-four hours long—when these hours are filled with the cares of motherhood, endless demands, tasks that would daunt any except the mother heart—is it not strange that you have not had time to consider well this vitally important fact?

That the mind of your baby or child is an amazingly sensitive thing; that every day, almost every hour, its mind and character are being moulded in a way that will affect its later life for good or ill.

"Many tragedies of life would be averted if children were better understood." What mother has not been puzzled as to what to do when she saw contrary traits in her children? In answer to the many universal problems of motherhood, the experience in the upbringing and training of thousands of children has been gathered together in five wonderful books. A mother does not need to be a student to get real happiness and helps out of these books. They are compiled by one who *loves*—who *understands* children, with the mother heart.

Talks with mothers on how to understand and best manage every type of child—the careless, the angry, the moody, the questioning child, the dreamer, etc. Almost endless games for the children, from the cradle up, and occupations, stories, rimes, children's songs—for boys and girls—and *every* happy game or occupation or story, etc., carefully chosen to develop and train the child in character and mind. Over 1,700 pages in this wonderfully helpful and inspiring set of books, edited by Lucy A. Wheelock, the foremost authority in the country on kindergarten methods and child training.

You can see these books for yourself and examine them thoroughly without sending one cent. You only have to fill out the request below and they will be sent to you at once. You owe it to yourself and the future of your children to at least examine them. Thousands of mothers have given grateful happy testimonial to how **THE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR** books have helped them. Send the request off now.

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24 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me one set in five volumes, cloth binding, of **THE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR**. If satisfactory I agree to pay you \$2.50 within seven days after receipt of the books, and \$2.00 a month thereafter for five months; or \$11.88 in full within seven days after receipt of the books. If not satisfactory, I will return them at *your* expense within seven days.

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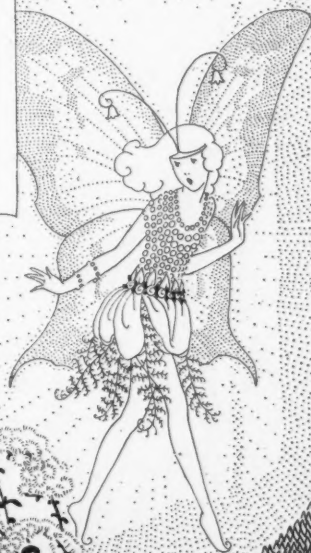
## GOLDENROD

LULU G. PARKER

WHEN fairies lived outside of  
books  
And danced in woods and moonlit  
nooks,  
A fairy princess went to play  
Beside a woodland path one day,  
And took her mother's wand of gold,

A wand of gold all tipped with pearls  
Of dew, the like no kings or earls  
Ever beheld. And while she played  
Some little children that way strayed  
And Princess left for home in haste,

Home in such haste she quite forgot  
Her mother's wand. But like as not  
Most any child who wanders by  
September's path, or you, or I  
Have seen that wand. It's goldenrod.



ZION-  
JOYCE

# THE LEGEND OF THE PRIMROSE

By MAY WYNNE

**L**ITTLE Bertha was gathering flowers. How happy it made her to do so, for the sun shone, the air was sweet, and the flowers nodded their heads as though fairies talked to them!

Presently Bertha grew drowsy, and lying on a mossy bank she went to sleep.

And whilst she slept, the dream fairies were busy whispering in her ear, so that Bertha really believed that a lovely princess came through the woods and stood smiling down at her.

"Get up, Bertha," she seemed to say, "for I am Holda, under whose protection the primroses and all the flowers of the woods and fields are safe. Gather a primrose, hold it fast, and tell me the name that you know it by."

"Lady," replied Bertha, "in our village we call it the Key Flower."

"Good!" said the princess. "And, as keys unlock doors, you shall know the secret of the primrose." Then, taking Bertha's hand, she led her to a hidden doorway over which countless flowers bloomed. As Bertha touched the door with her pale blossom it flew open and she was led into a room where

vessels filled with gold and jewels lay covered by primroses.

"If mortal hands take the treasure," said Holda, "let them be careful to replace the primroses, else the treasure will be lost forever and Heyja, the dog, will pursue the seeker."

So saying, she bent to kiss Bertha, who

woke to find herself lying still on the bank, with her cousin Greta tossing dead leaves in her face. Now Greta was just as wild and mischievous as Bertha was unselfish and gentle. She called Bertha lazy and fat and threw all her flowers away.

"Oh, my pretty Key Flowers," sobbed Bertha, "Oh, please, do not destroy

them!" She then told Greta about her dream.

"It was so vivid," she added, "that I believe I could find my way through the forest to the enchanted door."

Greta clapped her hands.

"Come and find it," she cried. "Do come, Bertha. There is nothing so fine as an adventure."

So the two children went hand in hand down the woodland paths till, sure enough,





they came to the flower-hidden doorway. Greta wished to enter at once, but Bertha refused.

"My mother will be waiting for me," she said, "but be here tomorrow at ten o'clock and we will go together."

Greta agreed, but she had no intention of waiting for her cousin!

"It will be much better to go now," she thought, "then all the treasure will be mine and I shall laugh at silly Bertha."

So when the latter was out of sight, Greta plucked a primrose and touched the door of the Enchanted Castle. How excited was she when it swung slowly back, showing her a splendid room where, on a long table, lay golden vessels heaped with treasure and covered by many beautiful primroses.

Greta looked all around and seeing no one about, she ran to the table, scattered the blossoms right and left, and, gathering as much treasure as she could, hastily ran towards the door.

Clash! The door shut to after her with such a bang that Greta dropped all her treasure, which instantly vanished from sight and in its place stood Heyja, the black dog, from which she ran in terror. Up hill, down vale ran Greta, screaming and crying. Heyja, however, did not mind her tears, but drove

her miles and miles away from her home, not leaving her until she fell exhausted by the roadside.

Meantime, Bertha arrived at ten o'clock before the magic door which she touched with a pale Key Flower. Then she entered the hall of treasure. The vessels stood covered with primroses, as she had seen them in her dream. Very lovingly she lifted her dear

flowers aside, and, having filled her apron with treasure, replaced the primroses as they were before. Then, with light heart and smiling lips, she left the Enchanted Castle which instantly disappeared.

As for Greta, she reached home many hours later, very cross, very glum, and very hungry. It was true, Heyja, the black dog,

had left her, but thereafter whenever she lost her temper Heyja would come back and jump on her shoulder.

Shoo! Shoo! What an ugly creature he was, to be sure!

As for Bertha, never again did she see the Enchanted Castle with its flower-hidden doorway. Never again did she enter its hall of treasure and gaze upon the rows and rows of primrose-covered vessels filled with gold and sparkling jewels. But that day she took home her treasure and lived with her mother and family in great joy ever after.





**Make Rainy Days  
the Happiest Days**

Thirty-four possible combinations can be made from the new assortment of beautifully colored

**Margaret Evans Price Dolls**

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**\$1.00 Postpaid**

**FISH-LYMAN COMPANY**  
20 Cortland St. Rochester, N. Y.

These dolls cannot be bought in stores.

## THINKETS AND SAYITS

ANNE ARCHBOLD MILLER

ONCE there was a puppy dog,  
Who snarled at all he met.  
From every doggie in the town  
A snappy snarl he'd get!

There was another puppy dog,  
Who'd smile and wag his tail;  
And every dog he met, that pup  
With wag and smile would hail.

THERE once was a plucky old Duck,  
Who drove in a bucky old Truck—  
Said the Duck to the Truck,  
"Look ahead at that muck;  
If you buck we'll be out of our luck!"

Said the Truck to the plucky old Duck,  
"Not a shuck do I care for that muck!"  
Show your pluck, foolish Duck!  
I shall buck in that muck—  
You may get us out once we are stuck!"

Not a word said the plucky old Duck,  
Till the silly Truck bucked in the muck.  
Then down flew the Duck,  
Waddled straight through the muck—  
"Nor do I care a shuck," laughed the Duck.

Now the old Truck is lost in the muck,  
While the plucky Duck drives a new Truck.  
The new Truck does not buck;  
For it heeds the good Duck;  
So they never get stuck in the muck.

ONE day bright Mr. Sunshine bowed,  
"How'd do," to Mr. Rain;  
And Mr. Rain stopped short and bowed,  
"How-do-you-do," again!

And Mr. Sunshine shook his hand  
Good fellowship to show,  
And where they'd met they left behind  
A splendid big Rainbow.

"See what you've done," said Mr. Rain.  
Said Mr. Shine, " 'Twas you!"  
"Mayhap," they cried, "through our hand-  
clasp,  
This splendid Rainbow grew!"



## TYPES OF CHILDREN

### THE FIRST SALMON CATCH

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

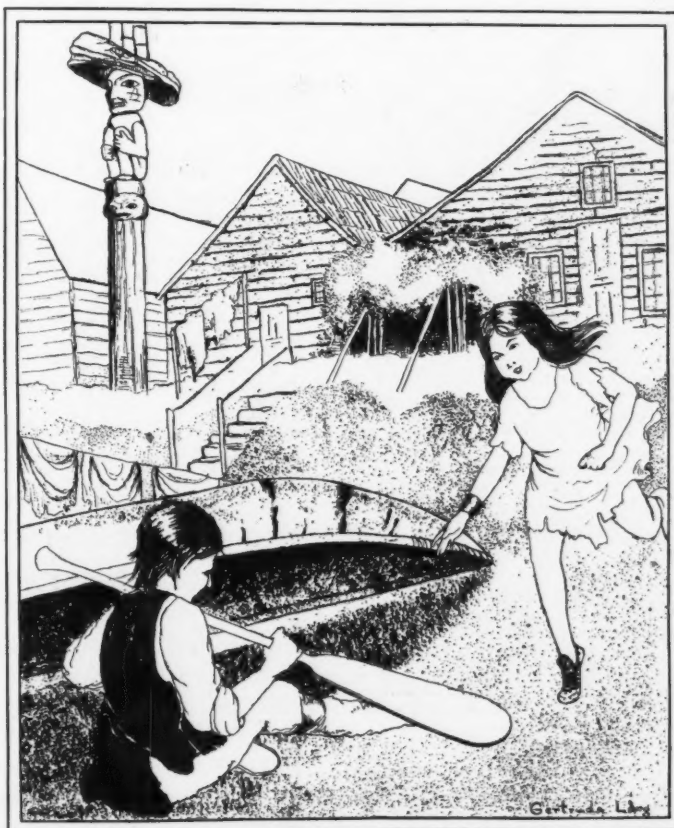
COME! Come! Come quickly, Big Brother!" shouted Che-cle-ta, as she scurried around the hut where she hoped to find her dearly loved brother. "Come quickly! Father says the salmon have come and you are to go with him to the river at once."

To most boys in the world that sentence would mean nothing at all. But any little Indian boy in southern Alaska would know exactly what it meant and would drop work or play in a jiffy and would promptly get out his boat.

For many days now Big Brother had known that the time for the salmon to come

was drawing near. He could tell this by the warm spring air, by the greenness of the tree tops, and by the gentle warmth of the breeze that blew straight to Alaska from sunny Japan. He could tell also by the way his

father worked, getting canoes trim and ready for traveling through swift currents, sharpening tools and mending nets. His father didn't need to say much, for Big Brother was used to a father who was very silent—no Indians have many words for daily use—and he had long ago learned to watch and observe for himself instead of depending on what other





people might tell him. Perhaps that was the reason why Big Brother knew so very much about woods creatures, about flowers and fruits that grow in the woods in the short Alaskan summer. What a boy is told he sometimes forgets; but what he learns himself, he really knows.

Only that same morning Big Brother had noticed that his father left early, that he took the best paddle and two nets, and that little Che-cle-ta followed him, unforbidden, as he went toward the river. So he wasn't too much surprised to have his sister dash around the hut to the place where he was putting the last touches on the first paddle he had ever made all by himself,

shouting the exciting news that the salmon had really and truly come.

"Quickly I will go, sister mine," he said in response. "I, too, will catch salmon in my net. I, too, will sell my fish to the canning men, and I, too, will get money."

For, you see, the very fish that Big Brother and his father would catch in their nets would be sold to canning men, cooked, packed and sent all over the world for folks who liked salmon to eat.

Che-cle-ta looked at him proudly as he folded his nets, thrust the paddle under his

arm and prepared to go down to the river where his canoe was fastened by the bank, ready for use. In less than three minutes he was out on the broad river, skimming swiftly over the water as he hurried to join his father. Little Sister sat down on the mossy bank and prepared to watch. To be sure, she had seen them catch salmon before, but last year she

was such a little girl, only six years old; so, of course, then she couldn't see and enjoy as much as she could this year. At least that was what she thought as she pulled her blanket more closely around her and sat down on a big flat stone.

Che-cle-ta, for all she was seven years old, couldn't guess how much difference the sal-

mon fishing and the great canneries had made in her life. Her grandfather had been a hunter—there was no other way for him to get his food and clothing. But her father hunted only in off seasons and mostly for pleasure. For nowadays, if an Indian works hard and faithfully in the salmon season, he can sell his great catches of fish to the canneries and with the money he is paid for all his salmon he can buy clothes, good warm American clothes, for his family. And he can buy materials for a good warm house, much more cozy and much more comfortable



than any hut Che-cle-ta's grandfather ever saw.

The coming of white men to work in the canneries has made other differences too. The Indians have learned that marking children's faces with red and blue and yellow paint—a most painful thing for the little folks—is foolish, and is not necessary to making brave, strong children. And now there are schools where, for a few months each year, the Indian boys and girls can go and there learn to read and write.

But these same little Indian boys and girls teach the white children useful things, too. For the Indians have learned that the way to get strong bodies is to eat plain food, to sleep long and well, and to take a daily bath in clean water. The little Indian child, from the time he is a wee baby, has his daily dip in the river, whether the sun shines on his back or whether he has to break the ice to get into the water! Perhaps that is partly why Big Brother had such fine, firm muscles and, though only ten, could send his canoe straight out into the river where his father was working.

Che-cle-ta looked across the water long and hard. She saw her father draw in a great net full of gleaming fish. Oh, but her mother would be glad! What a meal they would have that evening! Che-cle-ta was hungry, so hungry she could

hardly wait for the taste of the first salmon of the season. Her mother would set to work at once, and after some of the fish were dressed for supper, others would be set to drying for next winter and the rest would be paddled down the river and sold to the cannery. This was surely a busy season for that family and their neighbors.

Che-cle-ta looked across the water and saw Big Brother stand fearlessly in his canoe. And she saw him spread his net in skillful imitation of his father's method.

"Oh, I know he'll get a lot!" she cried happily, and in her excitement she slipped down from the rock on which she had been sitting and crouched down close by the water. So still was she as she sat there watching, that not a sound was heard—not a sound—

Splash!

Che-cle-ta turned to look at her right where the splash came from. There, just on the other side of the rock, so close she could feel his warm breath as he stood there puffing, stood a great, black bear, several times as large as little Che-cle-ta.

Was she frightened? No, indeed. Che-cle-ta knew perfectly well that the bear was not interested in her. He, too, wanted some fresh salmon for his supper, and he knew the way to get it.

Crouching still, Che-cle-ta watched the great bear



## Little Miss Gage Hats



Dear Children:-

Would you like to know what happens to a little girl who visits Fairyland? You can find out in my new story, "Little Miss Gage in Fairyland." It tells how Eileen is carried away by the Queen of the Fairies, and of the many strange things that befall her. Besides this you will read about a prize contest which offers you a wonderful chance to win a lovely Little Miss Gage Hat for Fall.

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as he reached out a huge, hairy paw, held it poised over the water, and then, quick as a flash, when he saw a fish to his liking, whisked that paw into the water and brought out the fish. Never once did he miss. Four fish he caught—five, six, seven and eight. Che-cle-ta could count, for Big Brother went to school and had taught her. Then the great fellow seemed satisfied for, just as silently as he came, he turned around and slipped away.

Big Brother, out in his canoe, looked around just in time to see him go away, but he wasn't any more frightened than Che-cle-ta had been, for he knew that it was fish, not a little girl, that the bear intended to eat.

In a short time both boats were full of glittering salmon and Big Brother and his father paddled back to shore.

"Let me count!" cried little Che-cle-ta gaily, as she looked at what they had brought. "So many! But you should hear me how much I can count!"

"Try it!" laughed Big Brother.

Che-cle-ta began, but who could count right when the fish were one great mass of slippery, shining things that slid about dizzily as Big Brother wiggled the boat just enough to tease her?

"Come!" said the father. "Supper."

Che-cle-ta was hungry, too; so she was glad to stop trying to count and to run ahead to their little log home and warn her mother that the father had come. She found the fire already burning. And she found the dried berries soaked and luscious for a relish, and knives and kettle ready. Her mother was a fine cook and in a short time the smell of the cooking salmon called the family to their meal.

"I'm so glad I'm a little Indian girl," sighed Che-cle-ta, happily, as she ate the last of her big helping. "I wonder if anybody else has such a nice home and such good, good things to eat?"



## BOOK



## More About the Plates

These pictures show the actual size of book plates.

The designs, by well-known artists for children, are beautifully printed on tinted Japanese vellum.



Robert McDonald

## THE CHILD'S OWN

**I**F ANYTHING can add to a child's joy in owning a book it is these two things: to have his family and playmates know about it, and to stamp his book indelibly with the sign manual of possession. The latter, as a rule, consists of writing his name all over the inside cover.

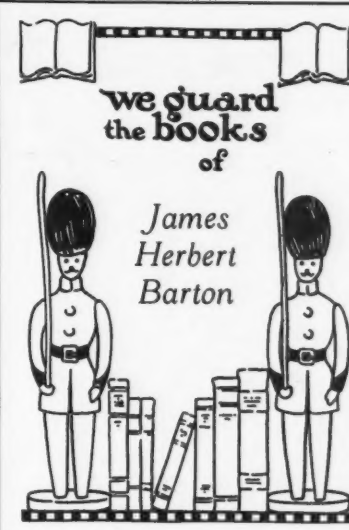
With this pride of ownership in mind, and to encourage the young reader not only to care for his books, but to begin early to build up a little library of his own, Rand McNally & Company have prepared the charming little book plates shown on this page.

At a glance, one can understand a child's delight in pasting on the inside cover of his book one of these hall marks of ownership—a card announcing to his world—"this book is mine."

The plates encourage neatness. They do away with soiled pencil script and names scrawled much too large for the space. Besides giving to the child an individual design, each plate carries the name—entered at order—in clear, attractive type.



## PLATES



## How to Get Them

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## THE MUSIC OF THE COWBOYS

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

FATHER and Dick were very tired and grey with the alkali dust, when they reached the famous P X Ranch after their long ride over the mountains.

But after a cordial greeting from Father's friend, Mr. Oliver, the owner of the ranch, and a refreshing swim in his pool, the travelers were quite ready for the evening meal, which was served on a huge veranda overlooking the sunset fast coloring the distant mountains.

Dick was eager to see immediately all the various phases of ranch life of which he had heard and read. He was, therefore, beside himself with joy when Mr. Oliver said, "You boys have come just in time for our big barbecue and round-up, which we always have on Labor Day. On this ranch we have always tried to keep up the old customs of the cowpunchers and cattlemen of the early days on the plains. So, in addition to the round-up, we always have a real celebration in the evening. First, there will be a fiddler's contest, then we will all sing cowboy songs until it is time for the dance."

"And Labor Day is tomorrow!" whooped Dick joyously.

"It certainly is," replied Father, "and it will be early to bed for both of us if we are to enjoy all the pleasures of the great day to come!"

The next morning dawned clear and bright. All the wonderful riding that Dick had ever seen at the circus or in Wild West Shows faded

into insignificance as, with round eyes, he watched the cowboys of the P X Ranch, who were easily superior to all the contestants from the surrounding ranches.

Dinner was served late in the afternoon and consisted of a huge barbecued ox. After a short rest the evening festivities began.

Father was chosen as one of the judges in the fiddler's contest, which began the proceedings. The tunes to be played were "Arkansas Traveller," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Old Dan Tucker," and "Turkey in the Straw." There were six fiddlers and each was to play his chosen selection; the one giving it with the most variations and brilliant effects was to receive the prize of a ten-dollar gold piece.

First, an old man with long grey hair and mustaches began "Turkey in the Straw," and Dick's surprise was great when the old fiddler lay down on his back, kicked up his heels, then put his violin behind his back as he sat up and did many other fancy tricks, all the time playing in perfect rhythm, with his tempo ever getting faster and faster.

A burst of applause greeted his efforts, which were repeated and even surpassed by other fiddlers who did equally amazing things while playing "Old Dan Tucker" and "Pop Goes the Weasel."

And then a funny thing happened. An old man began to play "Arkansas Traveller" and he played on and on and on. Nobody



seemed to be able to stop him for he was apparently enjoying his own playing so much that he refused to stop in spite of the hoots and roars of the cowboy audience. Mr. Oliver turned to Father and said, "He does this every year and we always have to promise him the prize to get him to stop." So after Mr. Oliver told him he could have his money, the old man stopped, but he shook his head sadly and said, "I don't care for the prize, boss, but I do enjoy my own playing."

Before the singing began, Dick asked Mr. Oliver who wrote the cowboy songs.

"Most of them just grew up out here on the plains," answered Mr. Oliver. "The authors of the tunes or verses are almost always unknown. You see, in the early days the cow puncher's life was a very lonely one, and he had to be away for many long dreary days, with only his herd for company. He found that singing not only helped him in his loneliness, but that it also helped to quiet the cattle. When the boys got together they sang these songs and new verses that they had made up for themselves. There are many verses to each of the tunes and many different

versions of the tunes. Many of the cowboys came from the mountain country of Kentucky and Carolina, and they copied their songs from the old ballads that they had heard their parents sing."

Dick was much interested and said, "You know, we just heard some of those old mountain songs when we were in North Carolina with Mother and the girls."

The audience was now all ready for the "sing." Mr. Oliver arose and said, "Boys, you all know that every year we try to have an annual day when the old life of the cowboy is again glorified. I know all of you love to sing the old songs, but many of you do not know that the songs of the American cowboy are considered by musicians all over the world as among the most unique folk songs known."

"Almost all of you," he continued, "have ridden with, or for, that greatest American of our day, Theodore Roosevelt. Therefore, I know you will be glad to hear that he wrote very enthusiastically of the music of the American cowboy, and felt that this unwritten ballad literature should be preserved."

"That is why the



P X Ranch has these annual 'sings.' The first number on our program tonight will be 'Whoopee Ti Yi Yo.' Many of you have sung this old song on the trail as you were bringing the year-old steers or 'dogies' up from the winter grazing in Texas to the summer grass in Wyoming. Let us have Dapper Dare Dick sing the verses and we will all join in the chorus."

Our Dick was very proud of his namesake, who threw back his head then and sang in a clear tenor voice:

As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure,  
I met a cow-puncher a-riding alone.

Dick and his father found that after a few verses they could join in with the others in the "Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies."

Then the P X quartette sang the plaintive song of the "Dying Cowboy"—

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

and followed it by the dramatic ballad about the outlaw Jesse James.

The entire group next sang "Home on the Range," and then there were loud demands for "The Old Chisolm Trail." This time the soloist was Stick-to-it Joe, and all the men joined in the refrain, "Coma to yi youpe-youpya."

Then came calls for "Jack O' Diamonds," "Sam Bass,"  
a n d

"The Dreary, Dreary Life," and then for "The Dreary, Dreary Black Hills."

"What shall we close with?" cried Mr. Oliver.

"Let the little chap choose!" called one cowboy.

Dick very proudly stood up then and said, "I like all your songs better than any songs that I ever heard, but I want to sing, too, and I think that the only one I can do is the "Whoopee Ti Yi,"

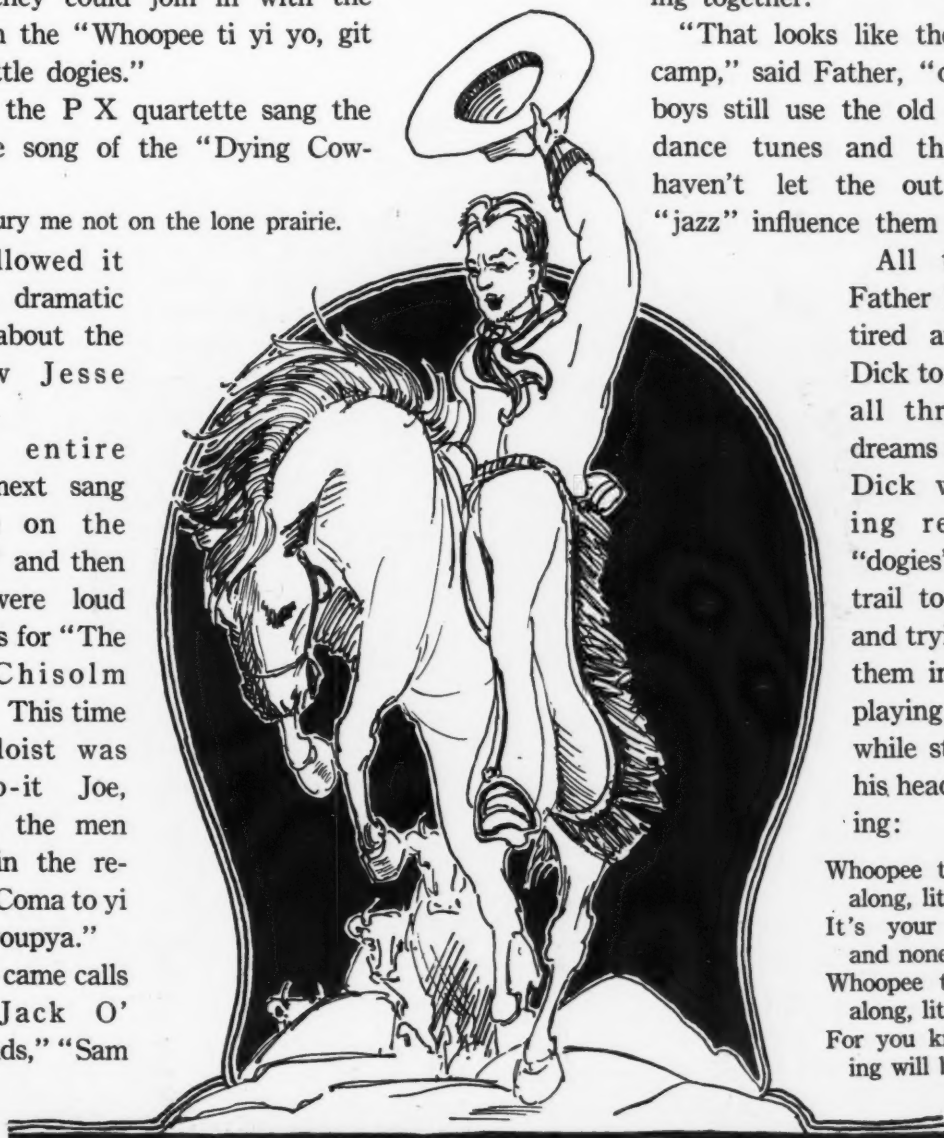
So the old "Dogie" song was again sung with a will.

Then the dance began and Dick was greatly delighted to see so many men dancing together.

"That looks like the days in camp," said Father, "only these boys still use the old American dance tunes and they really haven't let the out-of-joint "jazz" influence them much."

All too soon Father led a very tired and sleepy Dick to bed. But all through his dreams that night Dick was driving refractory "dogies" over the trail to Wyoming and trying to keep them in order by playing a fiddle, while standing on his head and singing:

Whoopee ti yi yo, git  
along, little dogies,  
It's your misfortune  
and none of my own.  
Whoopee ti yi yo, git  
along, little dogies,  
For you know Wyom-  
ing will be your new  
home.



## WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES

(COWBOY SONG)

ONE of the most interesting of our purely American sources of folk music is the unique song of the cowboy of the great Southwest. The cowboy songs are essentially folk music, for they came into being spontaneously and simply; they reflect the occupations and customs of their creators, whose names have long since been forgotten.

In a letter to John A. Lomax, whose book, *Cowboy Songs*, is the only collection of these interesting songs, Theodore Roosevelt says: "There is something very curious in the reproduction here on this new continent of essentially the conditions of ballad-growth, which obtained in medieval England. However, the native ballad is speedily killed by competition with the music hall songs, the cowboys becoming ashamed to sing the crude homespun ballads in view of what Owen Wister calls the 'ill smelling cleverness' of the far less interesting compositions of the music hall singers." The ballad form, with its many verses, always made a direct appeal to the cowboy, but the most characteristic of his songs are known as the "Dogie Songs." Mr. Lomax calls these "improvised cattle lullabies which were created for the purpose of preventing cattle stampedes."

These Dogie Songs belong to the days of the long trail, when the cattle were driven up each spring to Wyoming and Montana from their breeding grounds in Texas. "Whoopee Ti Yi Yo" is one of the best and most popular Dogie Songs. By slightly accenting the first and fourth counts in each measure, an effect is produced suggesting the rhythmic loping of a rider on horseback.

*Allegretto Moderato* Arr. by HENRY S. SAWYER

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto Moderato'. The first line of music has a dynamic marking of 'mp'. The lyrics are: '1. As I was a-walk-ing one morn-ing for pleasure, I met a cow-puncher a- 2. Some boys they goes up — the trail just for pleasure, But that's where they git — it 3. Oh, you'll — be soup — for Un - cle Sam's In - juns, "It's beef, — heap beef!" I rld - ing a - lone; His — hat was thrown back and his spurs was a - jing - lin', And aw - ful - ly wrong, For — no - bod - y — knows — all the trou - ble they give us While hear — them cry. Git a - long, — git a - long, — git a - long, lit - tle do - gies, You're as he ap - proached he was sing - in' this song: we — go driv - ing them all — a - long. Whoopee ti yi yo, git a - goin' to be beef — steers bye - and - bye. long, lit - tle do - gies, It's your mis - for - tune and none of my own; Whoopee ti yi yo, Git a - long, little do - gies, For you know Wy - o - ming will be your new home.' The score includes a 'REFRAIN' section and various musical notations such as 'simile', 'rit.', 'a tempo', 'f', and 'mf'.

1. As I was a-walk-ing one morn-ing for pleasure, I met a cow-puncher a-  
 2. Some boys they goes up — the trail just for pleasure, But that's where they git — it  
 3. Oh, you'll — be soup — for Un - cle Sam's In - juns, "It's beef, — heap beef!" I  
 rld - ing a - lone; His — hat was thrown back and his spurs was a - jing - lin', And  
 aw - ful - ly wrong, For — no - bod - y — knows — all the trou - ble they give us While  
 hear — them cry. Git a - long, — git a - long, — git a - long, lit - tle do - gies, You're  
 as he ap - proached he was sing - in' this song:  
 we — go driv - ing them all — a - long. Whoopee ti yi yo, git a -  
 goin' to be beef — steers bye - and - bye.  
 long, lit - tle do - gies, It's your mis - for - tune and none of my own; Whoopee  
 ti yi yo, Git a - long, little do - gies, For you know Wy - o - ming will be your new home.





## PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

# SCHOOLTIME IN MOTHER GOOSE SCHOOL

*A Nonsense Play*

By PATTEN BEARD

### CHARACTERS

MOTHER GOOSE, the teacher, dressed in usual tight bodice and full skirt with white cap.

DR. FOSTER, school visitor, with long trousers and coat tails, carrying a bag.

SIMPLE SIMON, the school dunce, a large boy in long trousers and frill-collar.

GEORGIE PORGIE, the school's naughty boy, a small and rather stout little fellow.

OTHER BOYS (all in Mother Goose costumes):

TOMMY TUCKER      BOY BLUE  
JACK HORNER

LITTLE GIRLS:

POLLY FLINDERS      BO-PEEP  
LUCY LOCKET      MISS MUFFET  
MARY WHO HAD A LITTLE LAMB

THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR, a small boy.

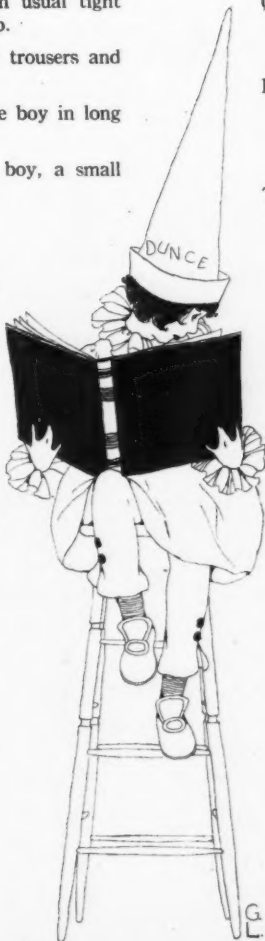
SCENE: A schoolroom in Mother Goose School.

THE CURTAIN RISES TO SHOW: Mother Goose as teacher, standing in front of her desk at center of the stage facing the benches on which sit the Mother Goose children. Simple Simon is yawning on the dunce-stool, dunce-cap on head. (Dr. Foster and the Ten O'Clock Scholar are not present.)

MOTHER GOOSE: Nobody absent but our Ten O'Clock Scholar? No doubt (*in satirical tone*) he will appear at twelve with a note from his mother asking me to excuse him. Dr. Foster is coming in to examine you in school drill today. I want you all to do your very best!

[*There is a knock at the door and MOTHER GOOSE goes to open it. Enter DR. FOSTER with large cane and black bag.*]

DR. FOSTER: Good morning! [*To MOTHER GOOSE.*] Good morning, children! [*Smiling over at the children.*] I hope I didn't track in any mud on my overshoes. [*Sits in the guest chair which MOTHER GOOSE offers him and*



*looks reprovingly up at SIMPLE SIMON on the dunce-stool.*] What! What! A dunce! You don't say—really—and in *this* fine school too!

MOTHER GOOSE (*a trifle embarrassed*): I'm sure he has the best of my teaching—I dare say Simple Simon will learn—sometime.

DR. FOSTER: Let us hope so!

[*There is a loud "ba-a" off stage. The children exchange glances and whisper and turn to MARY.*]

MARY (*waving her hand*): Teacher!

MOTHER GOOSE (*ignoring MARY's hand*): Dr. Foster will now give you a review test to see how much you know—

[*Another louder "baa-a" off stage.*]

MARY: Teacher! [*Waving her hand frantically.*] My lamb—please!

MOTHER GOOSE: *What!* Your lamb again! Why didn't you tie it at home? [*Annoyed.*] By all means go to him, but be sure to tie him tight this time!

[*Exit MARY, left.*]

Now, we will begin. [*Excitement on the benches and a suppressed scream*

from MISS MUFFET.] What's that! Georgie Porgie, if you have been playing any tricks!

GEORGIE PORGIE (*shaking his head vigorously*): Me? I didn't do anything.

MOTHER GOOSE: What was the trouble, Muffet?

MISS MUFFET (*holding her skirts about her very tight as she rises*): A—a spider! I don't know where it went.

MOTHER GOOSE: Never mind, child! There is no spider that is going to hurt you. Sit right down! We can't have this disorder! I'm sure you wouldn't want Dr. Foster to think you always behave like this!

DR. FOSTER (*condescendingly*): Little girls should not scream about spiders.

MOTHER GOOSE: Of course not! In our school all the children are kind to animals. We all love Mary's little lamb though we don't want it in the schoolroom.

GEORGIE PORGIE (*whispering to TOMMY TUCKER*): I got the spider!

MOTHER GOOSE: No whispering, Georgie Porgie! You may stand and tell the scholars what you were just saying to Tommy Tucker!

GEORGIE PORGIE (*rising and grinning about at the others*): I was saying I am thirsty. Please, ma'am, may I get a drink of water? I'm very thirsty!

MOTHER GOOSE (*snappishly*): Yes! Go at once! Now, children, no more disorder!

[GEORGIE PORGIE with handkerchief gathered around something that he holds behind him goes to the water-pail and pretends to get a drink. He takes up the dipper and repeats the motion of drinking it several times.]

TOMMY TUCKER: Tea-cher! [*Waving his hand.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Yes, Tommy Tucker, what is it?

TOMMY TUCKER: I am thirsty, too.

MOTHER GOOSE: Well, go get a drink, but be quick about it!

[TOMMY TUCKER goes to the water-pail and there is pantomime between him and GEORGIE PORGIE who holds the handkerchief.]

Well? [*To POLLY FLINDERS who seems to be crying into her handkerchief.*] Polly Flinders, what is the matter? Another cinder? Come here and I'll take it out.

[POLLY FLINDERS comes forward and MOTHER GOOSE makes motions of taking out a cinder while POLLY wiggles.]

There now, it is all out! How do you always get so many cinders? [*Sarcastically.*] Do you sit in them? [POLLY FLINDERS returns to her seat.] Now, children, I shall let Dr. Foster examine you. [*Looking sharply at the bench.*] Now! Now! What's the matter, Jack Horner?

JACK HORNER (*crying*): Somebody took my lunch box with my pie!"

MOTHER GOOSE: Never mind, now! We must get to work.

[*Behind her back, GEORGIE PORGIE lets a big spider fall on DR. FOSTER'S shoulder and TOMMY TUCKER giggles loudly.*]

[*Turning quickly.*] Order! Order! Everybody quiet!

GEORGIE PORGIE: Please, teacher, mayn't I take the spider off Dr. Foster? It must be the one—

DR. FOSTER (*jumping up wildly and brushing himself*): Is it off? Is it off?

SIMPLE SIMON: Oh! Oh! Don't let it come here. Oh!

MOTHER GOOSE (*looking about on the floor*): Kill it! Catch it!

GEORGIE PORGIE: It's gone—it isn't there any more!

MOTHER GOOSE (*calmly*): Now, we'll begin with Dr. Foster's examination. I can't see why you should all behave so badly today before a visitor! [*Warningly.*] Now try to do your best!

DR. FOSTER (*engagingly*): Now, children, let me see how much you know. I'm one of the visiting board, you know. I have a prize in my bag. Did you see my nice big bag? Well, in it is a prize for the best scholar. I want to carry a good report of your work.

MOTHER GOOSE (*to DR. FOSTER*): Excuse me! Little Boy Blue has fallen asleep.

DR. FOSTER: Well, I'll wake him. Little Boy Blue!

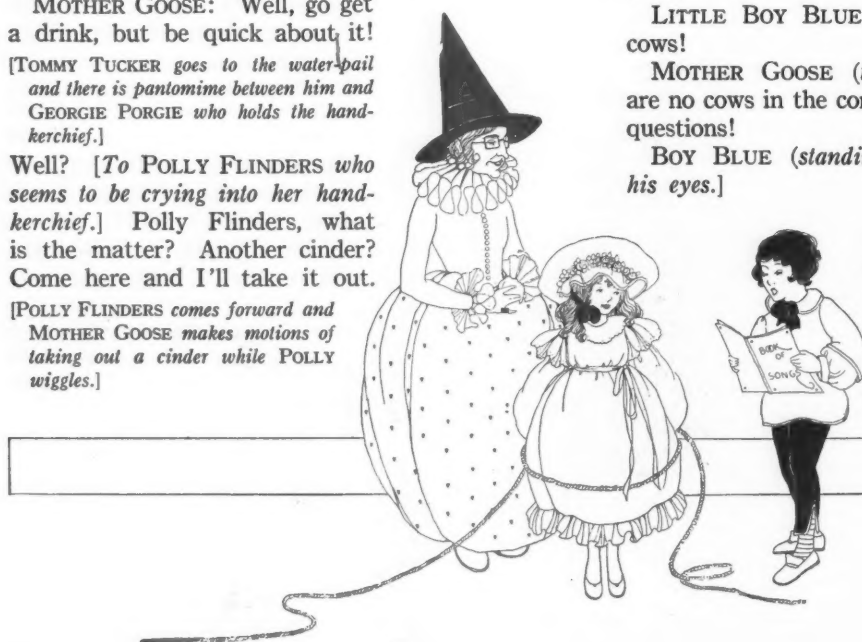
LITTLE BOY BLUE (*sleepily*): The cows! The cows!

MOTHER GOOSE (*to BOY BLUE*): No! There are no cows in the corn at all. Answer Dr. Foster's questions!

BOY BLUE (*standing*): Yes, ma'am! [*Rubbing his eyes.*]

DR. FOSTER: Come now! Wake up! What do you know about the King of France?

BOY BLUE (*promptly*): The King of France, and ten thousand men,







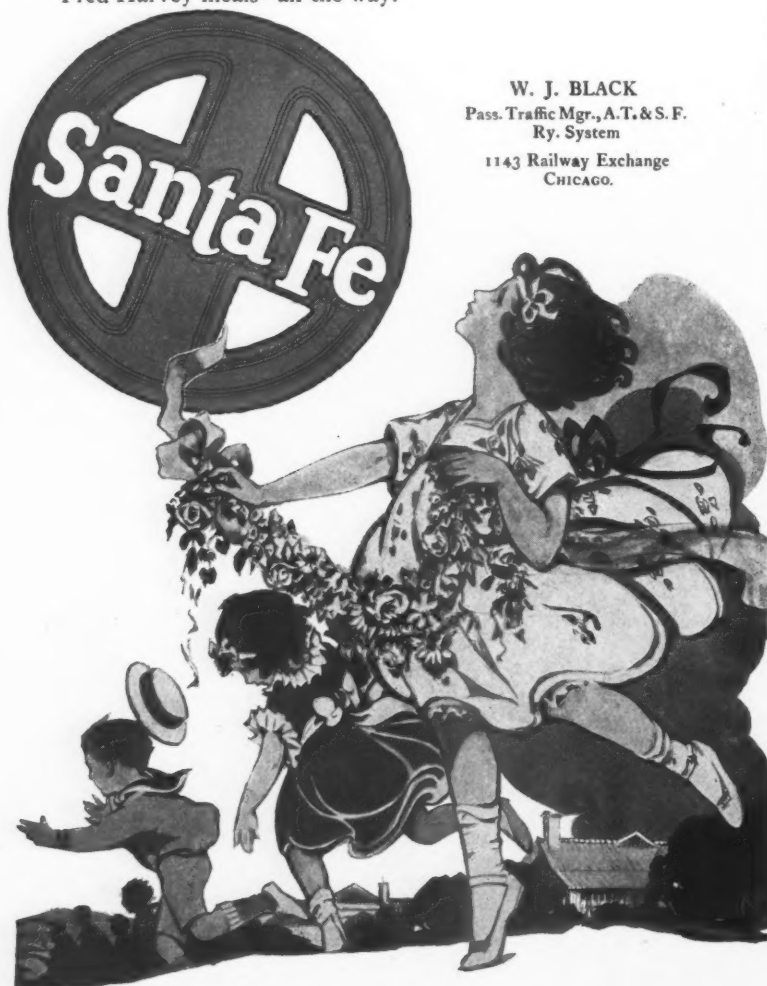
# California Picture Book

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## BRONCHO TAG

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—"The Play Man"

THE only automobile in town that warned pedestrians of its coming, by a strangely, wavering musical note, belonged to Mr. Rockly, the richest man in town. It was long and elegant and had a very foreign air. It was the color of old lavender and the metal work was always shiny bright. And the chauffeur in his splendid uniform was as impressive as an officer in some foreign legion. The children never failed to run to the sidewalk and watch the Rockly car go by. It was a delightfully mysterious event.

On this particular day, Carol and Elizabeth had rushed to the gate to meet Jack and Bert, proudly returning from a fishing trip with enough perch to make at least one good supper, when Carol's sharp ears caught the first musical note that sounded the approach of the Rockly automobile. Fish were forgotten as the children crowded to the sidewalk to admire, as they had many times in the past, the high-powered machine.

"My, it's slowing up!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

Sure enough. The big machine pulled up at the curbing in front of the group of children. The chauffeur jumped out and opened the door. The children, too surprised to do any-

thing but stare, saw old Mr. Rockly step out of the car. They had seen him many times, and knew of him as a strange, rich, old man who spent much of his time away and had very little to do with the people in the town where he had his magnificent summer home. But no one really knew him very well.

"How do you do?" The old white-haired gentleman greeted them graciously, removing his hat and bowing.

"How do you do?" responded the abashed youngsters.

"Now, I wonder which one of you could possibly be Bert Lane?" the old gentleman continued.

"Why—why—that's me," gulped Bert, wondering what he could have done to bring the richest man in town right up to his door.

"Well, you seem to be a pretty healthy boy," said their guest, smiling approvingly at Bert who stood first on one foot and then on the other.

"Yes, sir, thank you, I am healthy, sir. Th—thank you," stuttered Bert.

Mr. Rockly laughed. "I'll tell you just what brought me here. I have been very much interested in hearing about your visits



with Toppo, the famous clown. Toppo and I are very good friends, you know."

"We didn't know that!" exclaimed Bert, whose interest now increased, for wasn't Toppo the greatest clown the world had ever known, and wasn't he just about the finest friend that Jack and Bert and Carol and Elizabeth and all of their companions had?

"Yes, I know about all of the games that Toppo has taught you, and what a jolly crowd you are," continued Mr. Rockly, "and now I wonder if you would really be kind to an old gentleman like me. You see, my little ten-year-old granddaughter, Phyllis, is coming to visit me, while her father and mother are in Europe. She will arrive next Saturday, and I wonder if you wouldn't get all of your friends who play with Toppo, and come up and help an old gentleman give a lonely little granddaughter a surprise party."

"Gee, that'll be great!" shouted Bert. "You bet we will!"

"You'll all come? Good! We'll look for you then next Saturday at two o'clock. Toppo's coming also and will teach a new game," said Mr. Rockly, climbing back into his car and waving his cane to the excited children.

Saturday afternoon! The clock had hardly ceased striking two when the eager youngsters, who usually congregated in Toppo's yard, were welcomed at the entrance of Mr. Rockly's

beautiful home by the friendly old gentleman himself, and a delightful little golden-haired girl, who won the hearts of Carol and Elizabeth in less than a minute. Even Jack, who was inclined to be a little bit suspicious at first, had to concede that she wasn't the least bit "stuck up."

She was just a lonely little girl in a great big house with Father and Mother gone for the summer, and it made her very happy to find these new friends just her own age. They ran out on the lawn and gathered around the artificial pond with its big fountain scattering its spray in the air. The girls liked the swings, tennis court and flower garden, but the boys could hardly be persuaded to leave the pool, for swimming in the clear, sparkling water were at least a hundred magnificent trout.

It was the arrival of Toppo that finally brought the merry crowd away from swings, flower beds, trout and fountain. All knew that Toppo always had a new game to teach them.

"Well, kidlets, I have a dandy one for you today," said the merry little clown to his expectant group of playmates.

"It's Broncho Tag," he continued, "and I hope you'll like it. Now form a circle. That's right. Now form little groups of three, starting here with Jack. Now, Jack, face in. Carol, you put your arms around





Jack's waist. Here, Bob, you put your arms around Carol's waist and hang on tight."

All the children formed as directed, except Mary Emily and Elizabeth, and they thought they were going to be left out of the game, but Toppo assured them that he would use them in a minute.

"Now this is the game," Toppo exclaimed. "We have a lot of little bronchos here. The one in front is the head. The one in the middle is the body and the one hanging on behind is the tail. It's a game of tag and Elizabeth is 'It,' and Mary Emily is the one running away. If Elizabeth tags Mary Emily then Mary Emily is 'It,' and will have to chase Elizabeth. But here's the real point of the game. Mary Emily can save herself from being caught by hooking on to the last one of any three. That will make her the tail of the broncho and the head must run away, and then Elizabeth will have to chase the one who runs away. You get the idea? There can only be three hooked together to form a broncho, and when the one that the tagger is trying to catch hooks on, that makes four, so the head one has to run away. Now give Mary Emily a start, and let's go."

The game was on. Shouting and laughing, the youngsters played the new game of Broncho Tag. Very soon they understood exactly what to do all of the time.

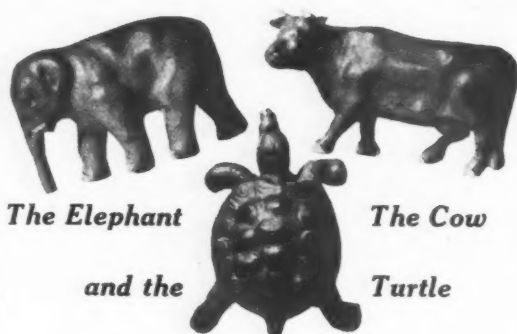
Then Toppo stopped the game.

"Now you've learned the first part of the game, so I am going to make it more exciting," he said. "So far, all of the bronchos have been standing perfectly still and letting the one who is being chased hook on behind. Now no self-respecting wild pony would ever let anyone do that. So now I want you to make it hard for the one who is trying to hook on by whirling around, so that the head of the broncho is always toward the one who is trying to hook on, and the tail farthest away."

This made the game much more interesting and exciting, and much more difficult for the one who was trying to hook on. After the children had gotten into the spirit of the new game, Toppo selected two players to be "It" and two runners. This made the game much funnier, with more complicating and amusing changes all the time.

Of course they all had fun, and of course not a single one of the youngsters held back when the refreshments were served. And they were all very certain that Mr. Rockly was much nicer than most people even suspected, and they knew that Phyllis was just as nice as any girl they had ever known.

Phyllis didn't want her new friends to go home, but when they told her that they would be back in the morning and take her up to Toppo's house to see his Shetland ponies, Spick and Span, and the little trick dog, Scamper, she was happy.



The Elephant

The Cow

and the

Turtle

**Tubby Toddles**

Rubberized Bath Tub Toys that Float

THESE funny bath tub Tubby Toddle Toys are wonderful playmates for little boys and girls while their mothers are bathing them.

The Tubby Toddle Elephant never gets tired of filling himself up with water and then blowing it out through his trunk when you squeeze him around the tummy.

We won't tell you now just what the cow and the turtle do. That will be a surprise when these Tubby Toddles are delivered by the postman.

### The Postmaster Brings Them

All three of these Tubby Toddles come wrapped up in the neatest packages you ever saw. The Postman likes to bring toys to children because it pleases him to see how happy they are when they find their own names on bundles meant for them and no one else in the whole world.

### Send For Them Today

If you have no Tubby Toddles to play with you are missing a whole bathtub full of fun every day. But we know that when Daddy or Mother has finished reading this to you, these three funny toys will surely be right there in the tub with you almost the very next time you take a bath. Just ask Mother if that isn't what's going to happen.

## WHIT—TOYS

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### WHIT—TOYS

9604 Yale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

CL-S

Please mail at once a set of the three Tubby Toddles. One dollar is enclosed. If for any reason I should wish to return them after five days, it is understood that you will refund the money. Address the toys to:

My child's name .....

Street .....

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## A Chautauqua Industrial Art DESK

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Send for your copy right now.

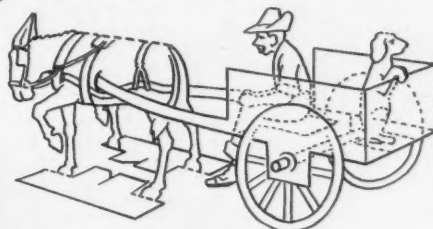
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# Y. HURRIE, EXPRESSING and MOVING

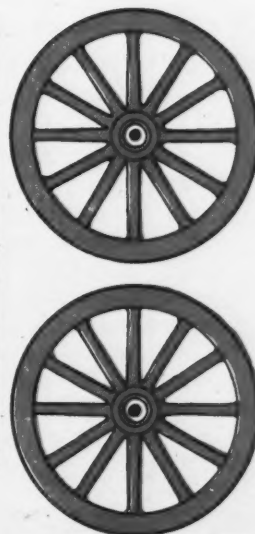
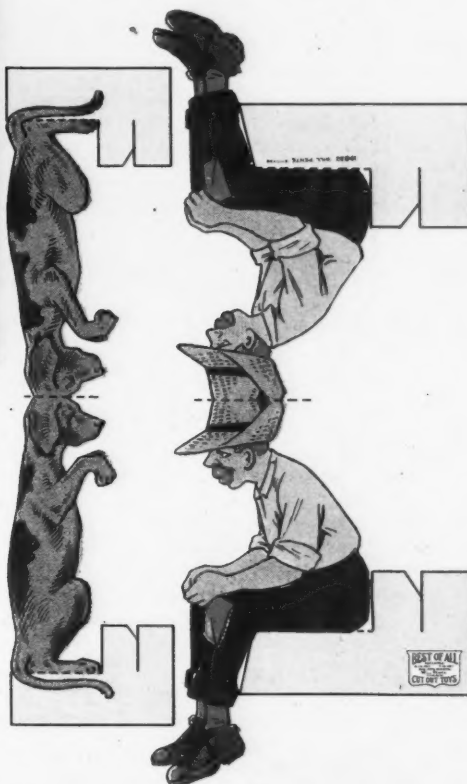
DESIGNED & PATENTED  
By WILL PENTE.



## Directions for Making "BEST OF ALL" Cut Out Toys

**B**EFORE cutting out these toys, paste them on heavy paper — an old magazine

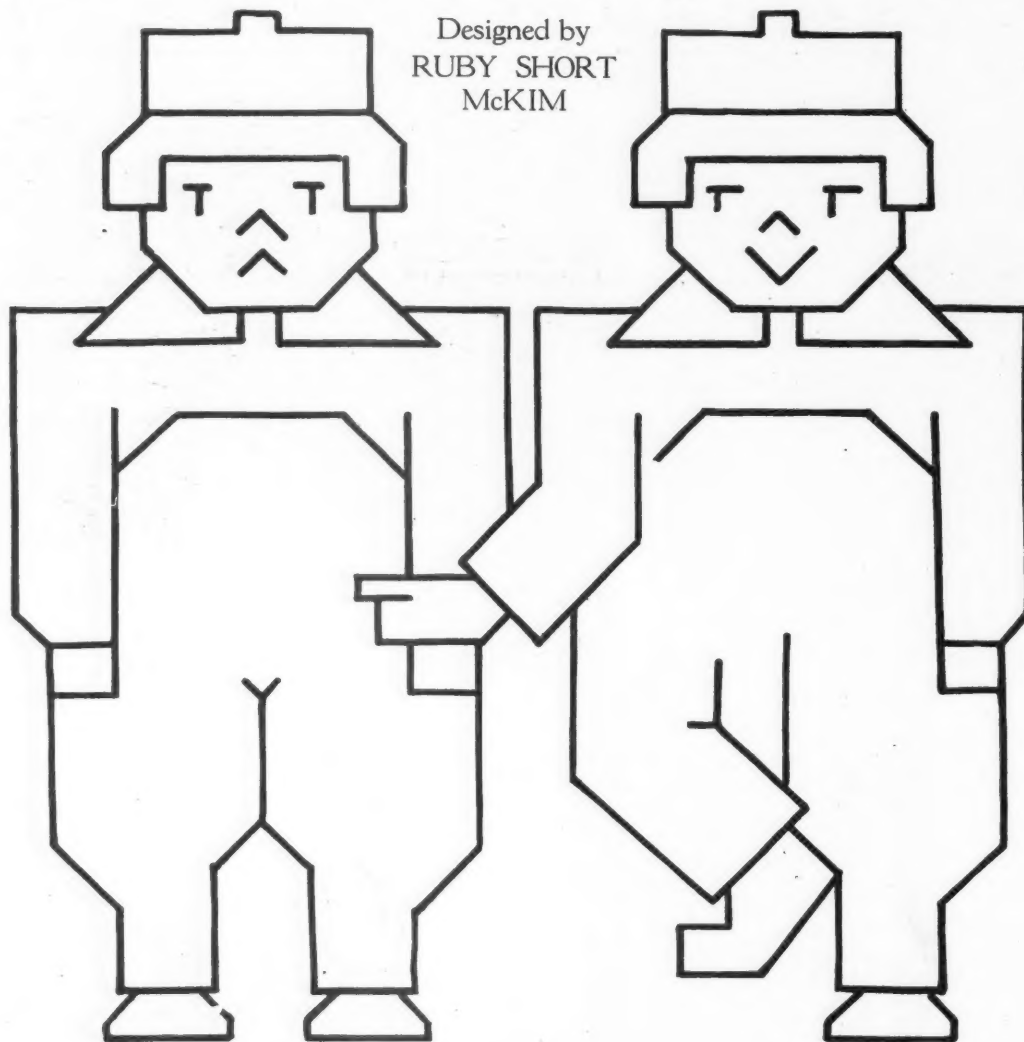
cover will do. The wheels of the cart should be mounted on cardboard with a blank piece of paper pasted on the reverse side to keep them from warping. When thoroughly dry score the dotted lines and trim around the black outlines of the mule, hound and cousin Hurrie. Cut into the lines on the bases to make the locks. Fold over on the dotted line on the head, then the dotted lines on the bases but in opposite directions, as shown on the little figure. Bring bases together, sliding the tabs from one side into the locks on the opposite side. Cut the axle supports on the sides of the cart before pasting on the tail board. Use a toothpick for an axle. The ends of the shafts are gently forced in the slits in the mule's sides when hitching him up for his day's work. The wheels may be fastened to the axle with small pins, but you had better ask Dad to do that for you, as you will need a burnt match instead of a toothpick. Above all things take your time, because Y. Hurrie says you have No Hurrie.





# ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE No. 13

Designed by  
RUBY SHORT  
McKIM



Now who the difference can see,  
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

WHEN Alice first met these brothers, so very much alike, she only wanted to ask the way out of the wood, but she had to have quite a visit before leaving them. She had to listen to their longest poems and their longest arguments and she had to watch them get ready for their dreadful fight which was to last till suppertime—only it never got started. Tweedledum and Tweedledee make one Quiltie block rather full, but of course we could not separate such loving brothers.

To change the drawing into a quilt block, get a smoothly ironed piece of

muslin ten inches square, and a blue or black piece of carbon paper. Lay the muslin down on a flat surface; place the carbon paper over it. On top of the carbon paper place the above drawing. Stick pins around the design so it will be held firmly in place over the carbon and the muslin. Then, so that the traced lines will be perfectly straight, lay a ruler along the lines of the drawing. Trace over the lines of the drawing and the pattern will be transferred through the carbon and the muslin. Then you can outline stitch the lines on the muslin and have the pattern in thread. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough squares for a child's quilt.

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## VOLUME ONE

6 Years of Age and Under  
Rhyme & Jingle Reader.  
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Stories from Grimm  
Jack and the Beanstalk  
Adventures of a Brownie  
Three Billy Goats Gruff  
Patriotic Stories.  
Four Little Cotton Tails  
Cotton Tails in Winter  
Cotton Tails at Play  
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Thumbelina  
Reynard The Fox  
More Stories of the 3 Bears  
More Stories of the 3 Pigs  
Child Life in the Colonies  
Fuzz in Japan  
Picture Study Stories  
Story of Columbus  
Story of Robinson Crusoe  
Sleeping Beauty

## VOLUME THREE

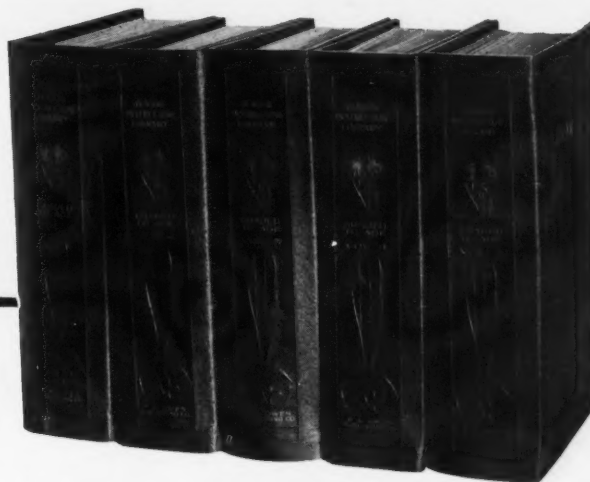
8 Years of Age  
Bud, Stems and Fruits  
Our Animal Friends  
Story of Wool  
Story of Coal  
Story of Flax  
Story of Glass  
Indian Children Tales  
Story of Washington  
Boyhood of Lincoln  
Story of David Crockett  
Story of Daniel Boone  
Boston Tea Party  
Stories of the Norsemen  
Story of the Mayflower  
Famous Early Americans  
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Stories of the Revolution—II  
Stories of the Revolution—III  
Children of the Northland  
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## VOLUME FOUR

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Animal Life of the Sea  
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Story of Cotton  
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Story of Sugar  
History of Verse  
Life in Colonial Days  
Story of Grant  
Story of Napoleon  
American Inventors—I  
American Inventors—II  
Stories of Robin Hood  
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## VOLUME FIVE

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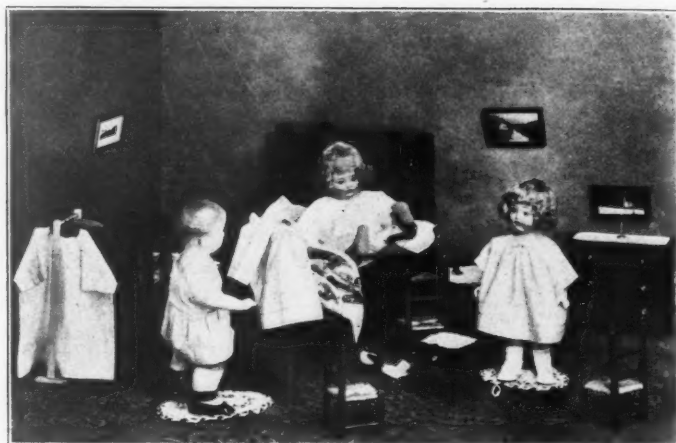
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CL922



Besides showing you how beautiful Van Doll Clothes are when Dollies wear them, this illustration shows how to measure the height of your Doll. Name the height in inches. Also, when ordering be sure to specify what type of material the doll's body is made of. See the coupon below.



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### *Give Practical Instruction In Garment Making*

**A**LTHOUGH they serve the purpose of a child's play-thing, Van Doll Clothes are a practical education in the art of garment making.

The patterns are clearly stamped on the cloth itself. This shows the child just how life-size patterns should be traced, when making clothes to really wear.

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Van Doll Clothes are designed in the most simple and attractive styles. They do not call for difficult sewing. The material is carefully chosen. That is why every finished garment is a **real one**, except that a dolly wears it.

The request blank below will bring complete patterns for a doll dress, a pair of bloomers, and a night gown. Measure dolly as shown in the illustration and include the information indicated next to the squares in the blank.

### *Send No Money*

Fill out the request blank giving your little girl's name, and your address. Write everything plainly to avoid mistakes and delays in delivery.

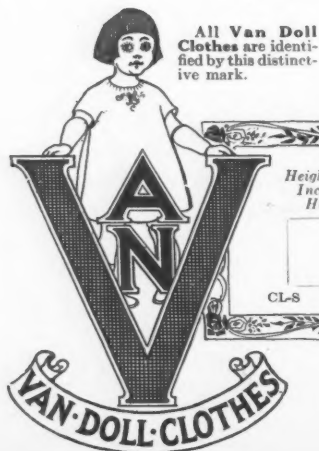
When the postman brings the package of patterns, simply pay him \$1.50. Don't send us any money now. Let us send the doll dresses first.

Fill out the request blank, and mail it now. All orders are being handled promptly.

### **Vida Nisbet Sales Company**

1715 E. 82nd Street,

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All Van Doll Clothes are identified by this distinctive mark.

Height in  
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**VIDA NISBET SALES COMPANY**  
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Describe material of doll's body here;  
"Kid," "Wood," "Soft Body."

Please send to my little girl the package containing three patterns for doll's garments, as described in "CHILD LIFE" for September. I will pay the postman \$1.50 when he delivers the package. Also enclose booklet, explaining the first steps in garment making. If I do not wish to keep the patterns, I will return them within five days after they are delivered, and you will return the money.

My little girl's name is .....

Street .....

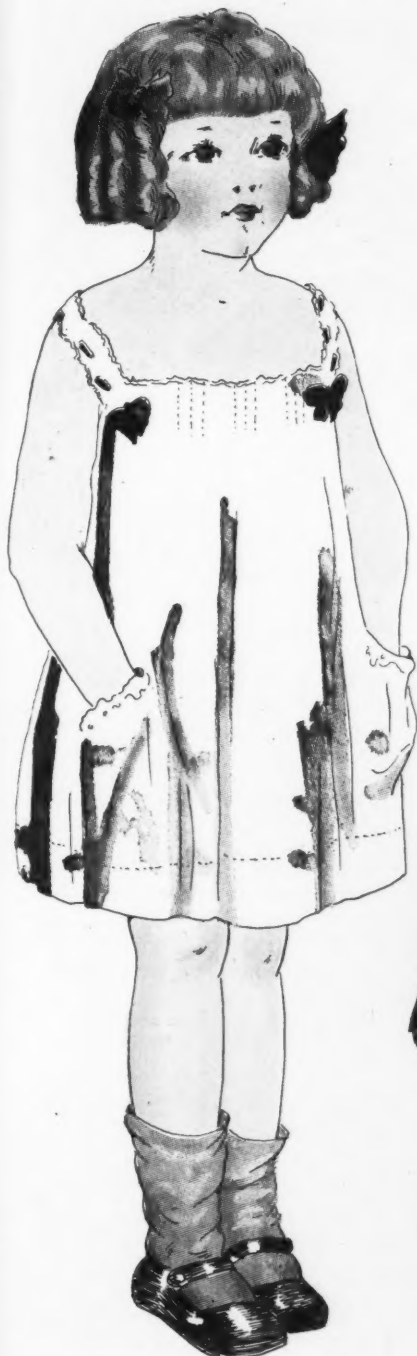
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# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



3996



LAURA  
VALENTINE  
STYLES  
CHICAGO ILL.

3932

LUELLA LEE is all ready for the opening day at school with her pretty little plaid challie trimmed with plain bands of the same material. This is attractive made up in flannel, serge, or even in gingham. It is No. 3996, and it comes in sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years old.

A soft bit of black satin ribbon ties at the waist. The white linen collar and cuffs are trimmed with points of colored linen to match the color scheme in the material.

Then here is a nice little coat to keep your Dolly warm when

you wear one just like it and go to play next door, or go to school or to a party. Here it is in serge, with nice roomy pockets and embroidered in black silk floss, or trimmed with fancy braid, which is to be a very stylish trimming this fall. This is No. 3932, and comes in sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Miss Valentine is always glad to answer any letters Mother may care to write her regarding your little dresses.

Please send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Laura Valentine, care of CHILD LIFE Magazine, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



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Please mail to me free of charge, your catalog of Books for Children and guide for selection.

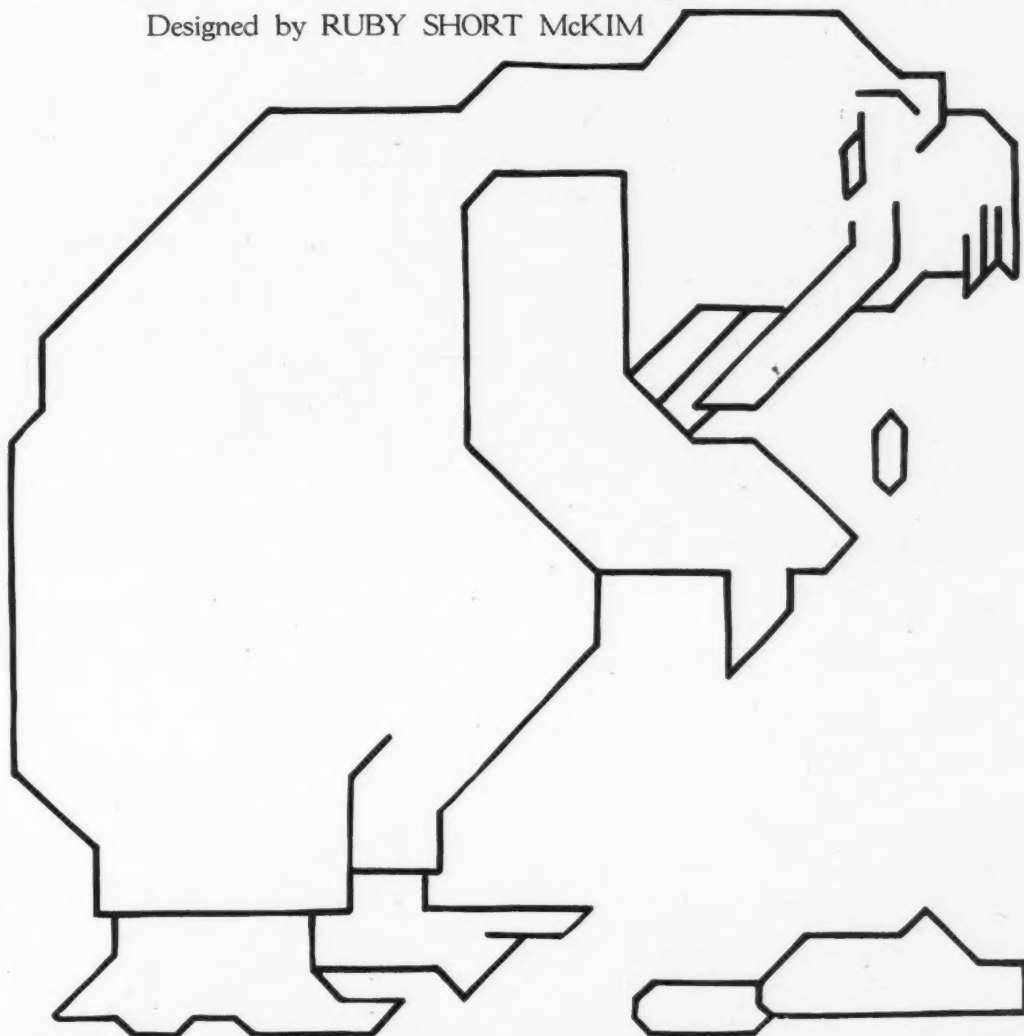
Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

# ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE No. 14

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



"I weep for you," the Walrus said,  
"I deeply sympathize."  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size.

**T**HIS is the tender hearted Walrus who, with his friend, the Carpenter, had taken all the neat young Oysters out for a walk. After they had gone quite a way, you remember, they rested and had lunch. Poor little Oysters! When lunch was over, the Walrus and the Carpenter stood up, feeling all fit for the long walk home.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,  
"You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?"  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.

To change the drawing into a quilt block, get a smoothly ironed piece of muslin ten inches square, and a blue or black piece of carbon paper. Lay the muslin down on a flat surface. Place the carbon paper over it. On top of the carbon paper place the above drawing. Stick pins around the design so it will be held firmly in place over the carbon and the muslin. Then, so that the traced lines will be perfectly straight, lay a ruler along the lines of the drawing. Trace over the lines of the drawing and the pattern will be transferred through the carbon to the muslin. Then you can outline stitch the lines on the muslin and have the pattern in thread. There are twenty drawings in all; just enough squares for a child's quilt.

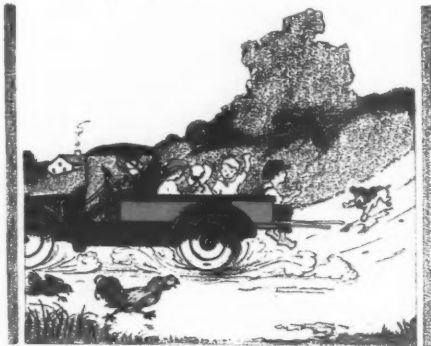


# JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

Pudgy's mother promised the children a picnic; so Red Brown called with his flivver and away they went

JUST LIKE THIS



After a long search they found the thief. He looked

JUST LIKE THIS



They found a shallow creek and had a wonderful time splashing in it

JUST LIKE THIS



The sun was low and Pudgy felt chilly. His mother wrapped him in her shawl and Red loaned his vest.

JUST LIKE THIS



Pudgy left his clothes on the ground instead of hanging them up. When he was ready to dress, his clothes were gone. He looked every place

JUST LIKE THIS



Saying, "I'll make the best of it," he took May's cap, called himself Highland Mary, and gave them a good laugh by dancing the Highland Fling

JUST LIKE THIS





#### CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For further information regarding the Joy Givers' Club write to

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Rose Waldo:

I LIKE your book so much. My daddy has just read me the latest book. I want to join your Joy Givers' Club. I give joy to an old lady by going to the store for her. I like her; she is a Joy Giver because she gives me an apple for going. I have a bird box that my uncle made me, and, when they build in my box, I am kind to the birds. I like animals so much. I am going to have a puppy sent to me from Kentucky and I have named him Rig. I will fix him a nice warm bed. I like to go to school and my teacher is very sweet. I had some bluebirds to build in my box and they had five baby bluebirds. I think you are a nice Joy Giver because you have a nice magazine. I help my daddy get kindling.

JAMES A. HARDING, Jr.

Age 6 years

Florence, Ala.

#### DOLORES

DOLORES is my little friend,  
And half past six is she;  
Her favorite dolly's name is Sue,  
And Sue is black as black can be.

I met Dolores on a train,  
We talked of things we'd done;  
I'd like to see my friend again  
Because we had such fun.

ARTHUR LORENZO FACHINATO

Age 6 years

Chicago, Ill.

#### PLAYING BALL

UP IN the air and down again,  
Up in the air so blue;  
Up with a flash and down with a  
crash,  
And up in the air again.

ARTHUR LORENZO FACHINATO

#### THE BIRD CLUB

THE Bird Club met for the first time at Mr. and Mrs. Mocking Bird's home, and for the entertainment of their friends they sang a duet.

Next came business. The subject was, "Where to build a nest."

Mrs. Bluebird was the first to speak, and this is what she said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now tell my opinion of the best place to build a nest, and that is in a fence post; one, you, know, that is old and knotted. There you can raise your babies in peace."

Then Mr. Wood Thrush spoke: "My way of thinking, you know, is a good tree, with not many branches near the bottom, and good *strong* ones at the top. That's where I like to build my nest."

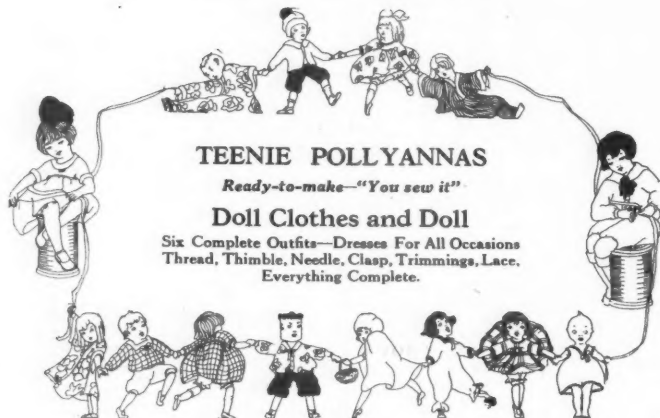
"Mr. Thrush, I disagree with you," said Mrs. Spotted Sandpiper. "I would choose a good

## Make the Youngsters Glad

With **TEENIE POLLYANNA**

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL OUTFIT

"Teaches the youngsters to sew."



**TEENIE POLLYANNAS**

Ready-to-make—"You sew it"

**Doll Clothes and Doll**

Six Complete Outfits—Dresses For All Occasions  
Thread, Thimble, Needle, Clasp, Trimmings, Lace,  
Everything Complete.

**TEENIE POLLYANNA OUTFITS**

can be purchased from your dealer or remit \$1.00 and we will forward you one Teenie Pollyanna Doll and Outfit POSTPAID.

**POLLYANNA COMPANY**

Mfg. of Ready-to-Make, "YOU SEW IT" Kiddies and Doll Clothes.

1120-22 West 35th St.,

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



## Hello There, Kiddies!

Our vacation days are over. But we're going to surprise our teacher. We learned our numbers by using Adit.

If your dealer hasn't Adit  
send to factory

<b>ROGERS SALES CORP.</b> Dept. 2 457 N. Racine Ave. Chicago, Ill.	
Enclosed find 25c for one ADIT top. Deliver to	
Name _____	
Street _____	
City _____	
State _____ R. F. D. _____	



sandy place to mold my nest. As my eggs are nearly the same color as the sand that makes them almost invisible."

Now it was Miss Catbird's turn. She was very much dressed up for the occasion, in a new suit of gray with a small black hat on her head. As she was the only unmarried member present, she felt very important.

"The home in which I was born was built by my parents in a thick clump of bushes. The nest was woven in and out among the twigs, and we were well hidden from our enemies. This is the best place, I am sure, to build your home."

Before Miss Catbird had finished, Mrs. Bluebird, Mr. Wood Thrush, and several others all began to talk very loudly and disagree with her. So Mrs. Mocking Bird, in order to keep peace said, "As we do not seem to agree, let this finish the business for today. And we will now serve refreshments. The club will meet next time at Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird's home, and the subject will be 'How to raise our young.'"

DOROTHY ADAMS

Age 9 years Shelbyville, Tenn.

Dear Rose Waldo:

I TAKE your lovely CHILD LIFE and I like it very much. I wish to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club also. I can hardly wait for it each month. I am sending you a few stories and I hope you will like them enough to print one. I think maybe you will like The Bird Club the best. I do, because I am so fond of birds.

Your friend,

DOROTHY ADAMS

## MY CANARY

I HAVE a little canary,  
He sings the whole day long;  
When the room is bright and airy,  
You'll surely hear his song.

AUDREY HOPPE

San Francisco, Calif.

Age 9 years



Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM just wild about CHILD LIFE.

We are living in the country now, and one day when Mother went to the city she brought CHILD LIFE home to me. I read it through several times and want Mother to bring it to me every month.

I wish to become a Joy Giver, so I am sending a little story about our birds. I hope it will be good enough so that you can print it in next month's CHILD LIFE and if it is, I may send you another one about my kitty.

I think and hope Mother will get it for me.

Your loving friend,

MARY BURNS KUHN

Age 10 years Pittsburgh, Pa.

### HAPPY MAE

THERE was once a girl who had no mother or father and lived at the girls' orphan asylum.

All the girls there loved this sweet little girl, for she was willing to do everything and helped the ones in trouble when she was able to.

One day twins were brought to the asylum. They were very lonely and shy and were crying because they thought the asylum was a terrible place where grouchy people lived.

This sweet little girl, whose name was Mae, told them that they could play with her, and that all the other ones in the asylum were very, very nice. This consoled the little ones and they stopped crying.

After they had been there a day or so they found out that this was true, but once in a while a trouble would come up and they would go straight to her, because they liked her best.

When she was old enough to take care of herself she left the asylum, but before going she received a gold medal for her good works to the children there, and when she went out into the world she was loved and praised by everyone she met.

CATHERINE ANNE BECKER

Age 10 years Dubuque, Iowa.

## CHILDREN'S PLAYS

are a feature of the instruction offered by

### THE GRACE HICKOX STUDIOS

Where the Authoritative Training  
Covers all Phases of Dramatic Art

Poise of Body

Memory Development

Mental Alertness

A Well-Trained Voice

and

The Healthful Effects of Corrective Physical Exercises

are only a few of the many advantages your child  
may enjoy at the Saturday Classes for Children

The three-hour session is divided into:

I Diction and Reciting

II Children's Plays

III Dalcroze Eurythmics

A convincing demonstration of the training children receive at The Grace Hickox Studios was their performance of "A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" at Ravinia Park this last summer. This splendid exhibition of poise and rhythmic skill and eloquent bodily movement excelling in expressiveness proves that your child would also gain both enjoyment and incalculable benefit from this training.

12th Year Begins

October 3, 1922

Children's Classes

Commence October 7

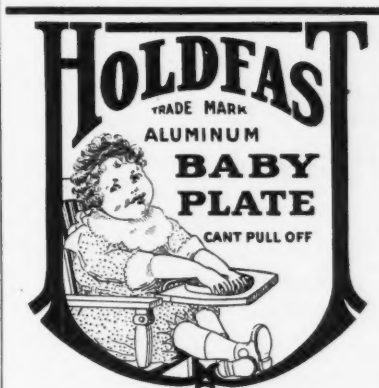
Address: Secretary

THE GRACE HICKOX STUDIOS

590 Fine Arts Building

Chicago

Catalogue upon request



The Wonder Plate  
For Children—Anchored Fast  
No more broken baby plates.

IT is saving money, time, and trouble for mothers everywhere. Clamped securely to the high chair tray, or table top, the Holdfast Baby Plate cannot be pulled off until you release the clamp. Children love to use them.

### The Holdfast Baby Plate

is made of 99% pure hard aluminum. Highly polished outside; sunray finish inside. Practically indestructible, and soon pays for itself.

The Holdfast Baby Plate is sold by stores everywhere. Trade mark shown above on every box and plate.

If your dealer does not have them in stock, send us \$1.00 and your dealer's name. Plate will be sent at once, postpaid, on 5 days' approval.

You will always appreciate the convenience of this useful "Mothers' Help." Buy it now.

THE MCANULTY COMPANY  
17 North Wabash Ave. Chicago, Illinois

100,000 NOW IN USE

## End Your Biggest Winter Worry Now

### Install Automatic Heat Control

Next winter don't go through the daily bother and anxiety of regulating drafts and dampers by hand. Automatic heat control provides the only way of keeping the temperature uniform. The "Minneapolis" Heat Regulator is always dependable; insures comfort; lets you forget a troublesome task. And this luxury costs you less than to do without it. The fuel it saves pays its cost many times.

Write for booklet,  
"The Convenience  
of Comfort."





"None Genuine Without Trade Mark"

## During the Lying-in Period

**I**T IS even more necessary than at other times to secure absolute cleanliness of bed and bedding. While it is easy enough to supply a sufficiency of clean bed linen at all times, **the mattress, the article most exposed to contamination, remains practically unchanged.**

It is therefore perfectly logical that proper sanitation of the mattress should be given due consideration. The problem as to how this is best secured has been definitely solved by

## Quilted Mattress Protectors

Quilted Protectors are expertly made in a modern factory from antiseptically clean white wadding incased in heavy bleached muslin and quilted both sides by our patented machinery.

These protectors are washable, and will dry as clean, soft and white as new.

There is a size for every bed or crib.

This excellent device protects the mattress and thus adds to its life.

Readily appreciated by nurse and patient alike.

*Look for this trade mark. Avoid  
"seconds" or "just as good" pads.*

*At all leading Dry Goods and Department Stores.*

**EXCELSIOR QUILTING COMPANY**

15 Laight Street

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Rose Waldo:

**I** THINK your magazine for children called CHILD LIFE is just lovely. I never had such a magazine. I could not do without it for even a day. I don't want to stop taking it ever. I have had four copies of it but I gave one to my cousin Billy. I want to be a Joy Giver. I am sending in a story.

Lovingly yours,  
AMELIA BATES

## GIVING MY SEAT TO A LADY

**O**NE day my mother and I were coming home from my music teacher's. We were on a car. Very soon an old lady came on the car. She was old and feeble and could hardly walk. Right away I got up and gave her my seat. I knew that I could stand up better than she could.

AMELIA BATES  
Age 9 years      Rosslyn, Va.

## MY PET DOG

**I** AM going to tell you how I make my pet dog happy. I always take good care of him and he likes me very much. I think he has a kinder heart than many people I have known. I always take him with me when I go swimming and he is a first-class swimmer. He also likes to play on the ice with me. And he seems to be very happy when he can go after the horses with me. He is a very playful dog and he enjoys seeing me bring in the milk. His name is Ring because he has a white ring around his neck.

RICHARD STRICKLAND  
Age 12 years      Footville, Wis.

Dear Miss Waldo:

**I** JUST adore CHILD LIFE and I read it many times. I would like to become a Joy Giver.

Affectionately yours,  
VIRGINIA LARSON  
Ft. Scott, Kan.

Age 11 years

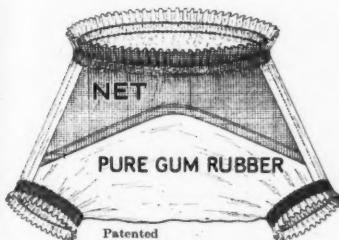
**CLIMAX**  
Trade  
Mark

## Slip-On Baby Pants



Patented

**CLIMAX** pure gum rubber Slip-On Baby Pants are an ideal sanitary protection for baby. Colors: Pink, white or yellow. Sizes: small, medium and large. Price 50 cents a pair.



Patented

**CLIMAX** special Ventilated Summer Pants made of pure gum rubber and fine quality net. The garment is held in place by our patented ornamental stitch covering the elastic. It completely protects baby's clothing and is designed especially for the hot summer months. Colors: White and Yellow. Sizes: Small, medium and large at 50 cents a pair and extra large at 75 cents.



**CLIMAX** children's play apron made of the best quality rubberized percale with mother-goose figures all over it, will delight every little girl and boy. Mother will be glad to get one for you because the apron can also be used as a bib and protects your clothing. It does not crack and is easily laundered. Price 30 cents each.

*If these garments are not for sale at your local dealer send us his name and the price of the garments you desire either in stamps or currency. Complete catalog showing full line of women's and infants' sanitary goods sent free upon request.*

**The CLIMAX SPECIALTY CO.**  
1515 Pine St. St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WOULD like very much to join the Joy Givers' Club. Please send me more information regarding the club. I get the CHILD LIFE magazine every month now, and I think it is the most interesting magazine I know of. You certainly are a dear lady to start such a nice magazine for us kiddies. You give us lots of joy by starting such a magazine.

Lovingly yours,  
JULIA MARY BYRD  
Tulsa, Okla.

I WONDER if the poodle dog  
Is very warm and snug.  
I wonder if the poodle dog  
Is sleeping on the rug.

LEE STURGES THOMAS  
Age 5 years Elmhurst Ill.

## THE CHILDREN BEGGING FOR A STORY

"GRANDPA, tell us a story!"  
cried Jim.

"Oh! yes, please do," said Mary.  
"We want to hear one so much,"  
said Harry.

"I will tell you a story," said  
Grandpa, "but what shall it be?"

Mary said, "Tell about a prince."

"Oh, no, tell about a prince,"  
said Jim.

"Tell a ghost story," said Harry.

Grandpa said, "I will tell you  
some stories out of the CHILD LIFE  
magazine. Those are the best  
stories for little folks to hear."

DORIS ADAMS  
Age 9 years Little Rock, Ark.

## BUTTERFLY

TELL me, pretty butterfly,  
What you see in the pretty blue  
sky.

I wish I could fly  
Up to the blue, blue sky.

Tell me, do you see the birds in the  
trees?

So, butterfly, tell me these  
Things you know  
Before you go.

VIRGINIA SINGEWALD  
Age 10 years Baltimore, Md.



## How I taught my children at home

MY HUSBAND was manager of one of the branch mills of a world-wide corporation. It was a fine position for so young a man. There was one great drawback, however—we had to live in a small milltown which offered none of the advantages we had both been used to. For ourselves we did not mind, but the education of our boy of seven and our girl of six worried us.

We knew the association they were now making, the habits they were now forming, the teaching they were now getting could never be made up for later—but what could we do? What would you have done?

It was with misgivings, therefore, that I started Jim at the local school. I knew his teacher, one of the town girls, a product of the same school, with only the commonest kind of a common school education and no training or experience.

It seemed like a joke, but it became more and more a serious one. Jim was apparently learning nothing except bad language and behavior and we dreaded to think of sending our little girl into those surroundings.

One day Jim, Sr., returned from a trip and as soon as he stepped inside the house I knew something had happened.

"Mary," he shouted, "come here quickly. I've got it!"

"Got what?" I cried. "Are we to move to New York?"

"Oh, no," he laughed, "but something better—as far as the children are concerned. On the train I met a man, bragging about his children—showed me their pictures—their school reports and all that, but what interested me most of all was a letter from his seven-year-old son—Jim is seven and think what sort of a letter he writes! Well, I had to admit the man had an infant prodigy, which, however, he denied—just a normal child, he maintained—but, and this is the amazing thing, the boy had been taught by correspondence through his mother! Do you get that?"

"He was so enthusiastic about it that he got me excited and I stopped off at Baltimore, where this school is located."

"I found there a great private day school that specializes in the education of young children. I had explained to me that its Trustees, who maintain the school without any financial benefit, had obtained such remarkable results with their day pupils that they had decided to extend its usefulness so that pupils, no matter where located, could share in its advantages."

I threw my arms around Jim's neck, thrilled by his enthusiasm. "Let's order the course at once," I said.

"It's ordered already!" he replied. "There's the outfit there in my luggage!"

THAT was five years ago. Jim's promotion to the big city has at last come and we are now able to put both children in school, and what do you suppose the Principal said when I went to enter Jim? "You say he has finished the sixth year at Calvert and always has good reports?"

"Yes," I could truthfully answer.

"Well, then he can enter our high school department."

And he did, and what is more, is leading his class! The little girl did the same in her school, and although both children spent their early years in a little milltown, they have—thanks to Calvert School—a broader knowledge and culture than most of their metropolitan friends.

If there is no school, or only a poor one, near you, let Calvert School come to you and give your child an exceptional education from Kindergarten to High School right in your own home. The school will gladly send you full information.

**CALVERT SCHOOL**

1 W. Chase Street

Baltimore, Md.





## The Glider Rider For Play After School

The **Glider Rider** develops strong legs, backs, and arms. It fills little bodies full of life and vigor. It supplies the kind of healthful recreation so essential when children are confined for hours each day in school.

Beautiful fall days are here. Let your child live them to the utmost. The **Glider Rider** will prove a wise and generous contribution, and its cost is practically nothing.

Built especially for tots three to eight years, the **Glider Rider** is close to the ground to prevent accidental tumbles; no sharp edges to tear the clothing; no metal parts to pinch little fingers. Handsomely finished in rich, live red, with handle and wheels of green. Shipped knocked-down with nails of proper size right in the package. Can be assembled by anyone in a few minutes. A hammer is all you need.

### MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

Nothing gives a child greater delight than to receive a package through the mail.

Fill out and mail the coupon with \$1.00. The postman will deliver the **Glider Rider** at your door within the next few days.

If this toy fails to meet with your approval, you are welcome to return it.

**American Toy Horse Company**  
Marinette, Wisconsin

**American Toy Horse Company,**  
Marinette, Wisconsin

Gentlemen:

Please send a **Glider Rider** to my child whose name appears below. \$1 is enclosed with this coupon which pays for the toy in full. It is understood that, if for any reason, I should return this toy within five days, you will refund my money promptly.

Child's Name is.....  
Our Address is.....

City.....

State.....

My name is.....  
CL-S

Dear CHILD LIFE:

**DADDY** brought home my third magazine and I think it is wonderful.

MARGIE SLOOP  
Steubenville, Ohio

Age 9½ years

### MY PAL

**DO YOU** wonder who my pal is?

My pal so strong and fine!  
'Tis neither man, nor woman, nor child,

Yet bosom friend of mine.

'Tis my trusty old dog Rover,

Who is my pal, you see.

He might not be the pal you'd like,  
But he is good enough for me.

"But" you say, "He is dumb,  
your dog.

What kind of a pal is he?

I'd want a pal who can laugh and talk,

And be a real chum to me."

Ah, yes, alas, he's dumb, my pal,

So to tell him my secrets I'm free,

And he will never betray them

As some have betrayed me.

So I'm satisfied with my pal,

For a true, true friend is he,

And we love one another dearly,

And that's enough for me.

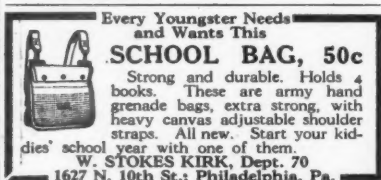
DOROTHY HAZEL MCNIECE

Age 11 years

Chicago



**BABY** is safe and happy in a **Rock-A-Bye Swing No. 34**. It cannot twist around, and baby cannot fall out. White swing and stand re-inforced with steel. Place it anywhere and baby is satisfied. At dealers or by express. Send for Nursery Specialties Catalog. **Perfection Mfg. Co.**, 2719 N. Leffingwell, ST. LOUIS, MO.



### GET THIS FREE CATALOG OF CHILDREN'S PLAYS

A carefully selected list of over 150 of the best plays for children. For home, school, and public use. Your request on post card brings the catalog, without obligation.

Write to-day  
**OLD TOWER PRESS**  
431 S. Dearborn St. Chicago



## Safeguard Baby's Health and Comfort with

HYGIENIC  
**TIDY-DIDIE**

**YOU** can't imagine how happy baby is when he is wearing the right kind of baby pants. And some of mother's many cares are lifted because baby is more comfortable and much less trouble in Tidy-Didies.

Mother's "work day" is shortened—Tidy-Didies are so easy to change and they make baby's care an easier and more pleasant duty.

Perfect fit—all the edges are soft and snug. In fact, every part of Tidy-Didie is made with such care that one must see them on their own baby to really appreciate such things as the roominess between baby's legs and the way they fit both in front and back.

Perfect ventilation, so essential in baby's wear, is made possible by the *hygienic* net top. No scalding or chafing with Tidy-Didies.

They are so easily cleaned—much less trouble than any other garment. They save baby's other dainty clothes from soiling.

Tidy-Didies come in flesh and white—extra large, and medium sizes. Ask your dealer for them—you won't be satisfied with any other.

**The SANITARY RUBBER  
NOVELTY COMPANY**

331 West Ohio Street

CHICAGO

**Mothers—  
Get Comfortable  
Underwear for your  
Children this Fall**

**I**F YOU want to be sure of getting children's underwear that is free from irritation and binding—that is elastic enough to allow for the bending and twisting of active young bodies, porous enough to permit free breathing of the pores—and warm enough to protect against chill winds—look for the red “M” in the wreath when you shop for children's underwear.

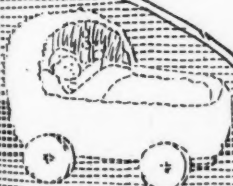
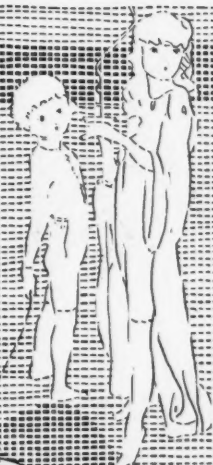
For many years we have specialized in the study of underwear needs for babies and children. As a result

**M GARMENTS**  
*The Perfect Underwear for Children.*

have come to be known as “The Perfect Underwear for Children.” They are most economical for mother to buy because “The wear is always there in M underwear”—buttonholes are well made, buttons sewed on firmly, each garment substantially and neatly finished. They save mending time. Made in a sunny, sanitary factory by clean, healthy girls.

The “M” Line includes Infants Shirts in Foldover and Button styles, Diaper-Supporting Bands, Children's Waists, Waist Union Suits and Plain Union Suits in knit and woven fabrics.

**Minneapolis Knitting Works**  
Minneapolis, Minn.





Full page color plate, actual size

From  
**A Child's Garden of Verses**

Illustrated by Ruth M. Hallock

Published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

*This book of rimes is for sale by booksellers everywhere*



